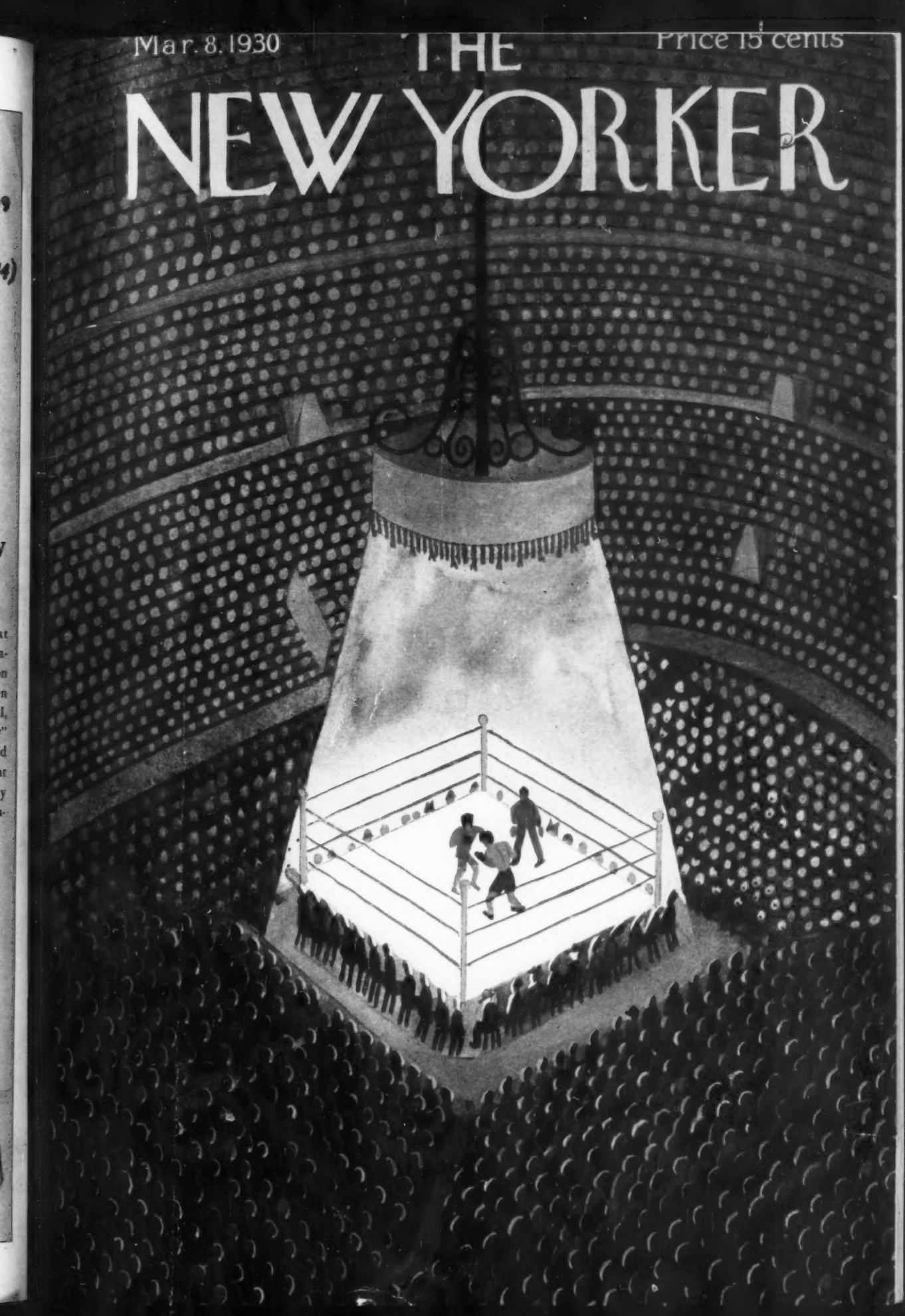
Mar. 8, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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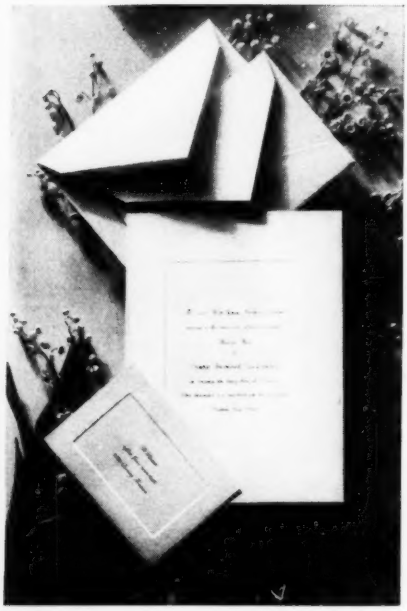

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PAPERS . .

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. VI. No. 3, March 8, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 19, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

FEMININITY IN THE ACTIVE MOOD

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Behold a stunning knitted suit of silk and wool to accent clipped fairways and open country. Its semi-fitted jacket has a rolled collar and adjustable belt. Its yoked skirt is slightly flared with double pockets. And the smart slipover has cap sleeves that hug the arm affectionately, $55. The hat of soft Baku soir with uneven brim $22.50.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 15]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE APPLE CART—Shaw's latest thesis on Democracy in a first and third act and an olio. Some good stuff well-nigh buried in words. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

APRON STRINGS—The unfortunate plight of a young wife whose husband regulates his life by a series of letters from his mother. A good comedy. (Bijou, 45, W.)

AT THE BOTTOM—Gorki's "Lower Depths" done more in the American fashion than usual. Nothing that will revolutionize Gorki, but worth trying. . . . Tchekov's "The Sea Gull" will be played Wed. Aft. and Eve., Mar. 12 only. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:40 P.M.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard at his best (or anybody else's) in a ghost story with a metaphysical twist. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Forrest, 49, W.)

THE BOUNDARY LINE—Excellent performances by Otto Kruger, Katherine Alexander, and Winifred Lenihan helping along Dana Burnet's idea that a poet shouldn't marry a woman who wants to be "safe." (48th Street, 48, E. May close Sat., Mar. 8.)

BROKEN DISHES—A modest little comedy of the revolt of a down-trodden husband. Donald Meek makes it worth seeing. (Masque, 45, W.)

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis in a finely written and bawdy comedy about Newgate Prison in 1725. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Women Have Their Way," agreeable light comedy from the Spanish. (Fri., Tues., and Thurs. Eves., Mar. 7, 11, and 13.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie play. (Sat. Mats., Mar. 8 and 15; Thurs. Mat., Mar. 13.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 8.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Tolstoi's play. (Mon. Eve., Mar. 10.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's moving play of love-distraught people. (Wed. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 12 and 15.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," another fine Tchekov revival. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 14.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale personifying a character named Death who mixes with mortals and finds out what it is like to have to die. Not quite as effective as it might have been. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—Katharine Cornell bringing her commanding presence to a career of melodramatic and anti-social violations of several codes. (Empire, B'way at 40, 8:40 P.M.)

EVERYTHING'S JAKE!—Don Marquis takes the Old Soak and Al to Paris, with several resultant comedy scenes which make up for the plot. (Assembly, 39, E. 9 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A pleasant, if not highly original, comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with a wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Comedy of small-town life, crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—This play of Tin Pan Alley by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman has more laughs in it than all the other shows in New York put together. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—What it feels like to live in the death house. A grim but powerful account of a prison revolt. (Harris, 42, W.)

METEOR—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a highly interesting play dealing with a superman married to a woman who wishes he wasn't. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Mar. 15.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A. A. Milne, having dropped winnying and poohing, writes a straightforward play which involves a man and wife who unwittingly kill somebody. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Fri. 2:40 P.M.)

REBOUND—A comedy of marriage manners which is quite a little more than that. Rich in the Donald Ogden Stewart brand of humor, with Hope Williams heading the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—More fun than you ever had in the subway. Murder before your very eyes. (Republic, 42, W.)

THEATRE GUILD REPERTORY—Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" will be played through Sat., Mar. 8. "Volpone" will be revived for the week starting Mon., Mar. 10. (Liberty, 42, W.)

TOPAZE—A school teacher who learned how to be a business success, with Frank Morgan excellent in the title rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—Miss Evelyn Laye as the charming heroine of an "operette" which sounds nothing like Noel Coward, who wrote it. (Shubert, 44, W.)

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (44th Street, 44, W. Moves to 46th Street, 46, W. Mon., Mar. 10.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Americans in Paris going at a great rate between the Ritz Bar and the American Express. Comical, with occasional raw spots. William Gaxton, Geneviève Tobin, Helen Broderick, and Cole Porter music. (Lyric, 42, W.)

HEADS UP!—Victor Moore at his funniest as a cooking-inventor, in a regulation musical comedy with a Rodgers-and-Hart score. Assisted by Barbara Newberry, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

RIPPLES—Practically the entire Stone family in practically the entire Stone repertory of jokes and dances. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

THE SERENADE—Another popular Victor Herbert revival. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn doing the magical trick of turning thin comedy into an evening of delight. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Mr. Jack Donahue carrying the whole war on his shoulders, and very funny about it too. A good show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—Clark and McCullough, Blanche Ring, and a fine Gershwin score, making the only satirical musical comedy in town, also one of the funniest. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET ADELINE—One of the season's first musical hits, with Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth, and others all dressed up in 1898 costumes. Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

TOP SPEED—Fast-moving musical, containing many

(Continued on page 6)

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(Continued from page 4)

of the jokes which you have heard before, but also Lester Allen and Ginger Rogers. (46th Street, 46, W. Moves to Royale, 45, W. Mon., Mar. 10.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—A strictly British revue, with Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, Tilly Losch, and Cole Porter music. Its chief asset is its dancing. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show that is a full evening's entertainment. (Comedy, 41, E. Sun., Tues., Wed., and Fri. Eves., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:30 P.M.)

MEI LAN-FANG—The distinguished Chinese actor and company in selections from typical Chinese plays. (National, 41, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30 P.M.)

JAPANESE PLAYERS—Tsutsui, and a company of Japanese actors, in a program of lyrical dramas. Booth, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Ted Healy is at the Palace Fri., Mar. 7. (Palace, B'way at 47; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Afts., Mar. 8 and 15. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104, 2:30 P.M.). . . . "Tales of Hoffmann," presented by the Charlotte Lund Opera Co., Sat. Aft., Mar. 15. (Roerich Hall, Riverside Dr. at 103, 2:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

LOVE, HONOR, AND BETRAY—Alice Brady in a play from the French of André Paul Antoine. Opens Mon., Mar. 10. (Eltinge, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THE RIVALS—Mrs. Fiske in a revival of Sheridan's play. Opens Thurs., Mar. 13. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

FLYING HIGH—George White's new musical show, with Oscar Shaw and Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra, and a divertissement, "The Black and Gold Ball."*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the inimitable Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Topnotch as usual; Larry Siry's orchestra, with Murphy and Johnson dancing. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; with Harry Richman, Ann Pennington, and Norma Terriss.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), where you will find Fred Keating and Alice Boulden.* . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, with a rough but jolly revue. . . . The Night Boat, 117 W. 48, with June Day. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, with Florence of the old Chez Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, features Paxton, the wizard. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is gay and attractive. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and the Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

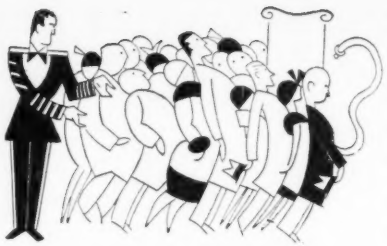
(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE—Murders and nursery rhymes in Riverside Drive, from the Van Dine story. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 8-10; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

DEVIL MAY CARE—Ramon Novarro singing vigorously in a romantic tale of Napoleon's time. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues and Wed., Mar. 11 and 12; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE GREEN GODDESS—George Arliss on the screen in his familiar stage play of the wicked though



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 15]

smiling rajah. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—Amusing nonsense, with numerous songs and Chevalier. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

THE MIGHTY—The trenches of the western front and the underworld of the Middle West both made interesting by George Bancroft. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Mar 7; performances continuous from noon.)

NOT SO DUMB—Marion Davies playing Dulcy amusingly and brightly. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 13 and 14; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—Some pleasant dancing and singing, if you can overlook the trite backstage story. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Bandits and gypsies, and Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan, in a Lehar operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

SALLY—Marilyn Miller dancing about charmingly in a somewhat too weighty musical show. (Strand, B'way at 47; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

STREET OF CHANCE—William Powell in a good picture of big gambling society. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

THE VAGABOND KING—The musical show screened, with Dennis King singing his best. All in color. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Hit the Deck," a fair musical show, with Jack Oakie and a first-rate rendering of the familiar "Hallelujah;" "Roadhouse Nights," Helen Morgan, Jimmie Durante, and Charles Ruggles all doing well in an underworld story by Ben Hecht.

OPENING OF NOTE

SONG O' MY HEART—John McCormack makes his début as a talkie star. Opens Tues. Eve., Mar. 11, at 8:45. (44th Street, 44, W.)

ART

BEGINNERS—The young men and women who want to paint, as chosen by Alfred Stieglitz: Opportunity Gallery, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DAVIES—Memorial exhibition of the works of Arthur B. Davies: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 10:45 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—A group of fine new canvases by the artists that this house deals in. A thrilling show: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 8.

ILLUSTRATION—Yearly exhibition of the Society of Illustrators: Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59. Open daily 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

INDEPENDENTS—Big annual show: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

KUNIYOSHI—A comprehensive showing of one of the best young Americans: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., starting Mon., Mar. 10.

MAX WEBER—Retrospective exhibition of his paintings and drawings. Also, oils and water colors by Paul Klee, and sculpture by Maillol and Lehmbruck. Opens at the Museum of Modern Art Thurs., Mar. 13: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 8 to 10 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

EDWIN AND JEWEL BETHANY HUGHES—An evening of music at two keyboards. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 8.

ETHYL HAYDEN—One of our ablest sopranos in recital. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 10.

ARTHUR LOESSER—An exceptional pianist. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 10.

WALTER DAMROSCH—More pleasant and illuminating information about the "Ring." Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Mar. 11.

WILLIAM KROLL—A fiddler worth the trouble. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 12.

JOSEF HOFMANN—The master again. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 15, at 2:30.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 7, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Mar. 9; Thurs. Eve., Mar. 13, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 14, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 15, at 8:45. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Mar. 8, at 11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 8, at 2:30.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Mar. 8 and 15, at 8. (No admission charge.)

INTERCOLLEGIATE GLEE CLUB CONTEST—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8:15.

HAMILTON COLLEGE CHOIR—Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Mar. 9, at 3:30.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bach's "St. John Passion," Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Mar. 9, at 4.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Mar. 9, at 9.

PHILADELPHIA STRING SINFONIETTA—Sevitzky conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 11.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Mar. 7, at 1; "Faust," Fri. Eve., Mar. 7, at 8:15; "Pelléas et Mélisande," Sat. Aft., Mar. 8, at 2; "The Girl of the Golden West," Sat. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 9, at 8:30; "Louise," Mon. Eve., Mar. 10, at 8; "La Traviata," Wed. Eve., Mar. 12, at 8:15; "Sadko," Thurs. Eve., Mar. 13, at 8; "Götterdämmerung," Fri. Aft., Mar. 14, at 1.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Mar. 7 and 14, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Mar. 8 and 15, at 9, over WEAF.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—From Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eve., Mar. 7, at 9:30, and Sat. Eve., Mar. 8, at 10:30, over WMCA.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Mar. 8, at 11, over WOR. . . . Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 9, at 3, over WOR.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Mar. 9, at 9, over WOR.

RENÉE CHEMET AND MARTHA ATTWOOD—Violinist and soprano: Sun. Eve., Mar. 9, at 9:15, over WEAF.

EVERETT MARSHALL—Baritone soloist: Mon. Eve., Mar. 10, at 9:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Maxie Rosenbloom vs. Larry Johnson, Mon. Eve., Mar. 10; Tony Canzoneri vs. Stanislaus Loayza, Fri. Eve., Mar. 14; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Chicago, Sun. Eve., Mar. 9; N. Y. Rangers vs. Canadiens, Tues. Eve., Mar. 11; N. Y. Americans vs. Ottawa, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 13.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Mar. 8: Class D elimination finals, at 7:30; Class C elimination finals, at 8:30; Optimists vs. Brooklyn Riding and Driving, at 9:30.

INDOOR TRACK—K. of C. meet, Madison Square Garden, Wed. Eve., Mar. 12, at 8:15.

OTHER EVENTS

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Mar. 7 and 8.

INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES EXPOSITION—Antique furniture and objects of art from all parts of the world. Last two days: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Fri. and Sat., Mar. 7 and 8, 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

PUBLIC BALL—New Masses Spring Costume Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Mar. 7, at 10.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Eighteenth and nineteenth-century English and American furniture: Fri. Aft., Mar. 7, at 2:15. . . . Chinese cloisonné, lacquer, bronzes, porcelains, and pottery: Sat. Aft., Mar. 8, at 2:15. . . . Valuable books, autographs, and manuscripts: Tues. and Wed. Eves., Mar. 11 and 12, at 8:15. . . . Eighteenth-century English furniture, rare rugs and carpets, and valuable furniture covered in tapestry and needlework: Wed. through Sat. Afts., Mar. 12–15, at 2:15.

NOTE—1929 Income-tax returns are due Sat., Mar. 15.

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Young Grown-Ups Show A Penchant For Capes

Young persons will be well suited to Spring 1930 if their suits wear capes. For capes are an important part of the Spring fashion picture, so important, in fact, that no matter to what length the coat goes the debonair cape swings after!

Young Grown-Ups' Shop — Sixth Floor

Wool crepe cape suit in pirate blue, green, or black . . 39.50

Tweed suit with detachable cape. Green, red, or brown . . 49.50

Smart covert suit with cape in oxford, brown, or navy . 49.50

STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY SIXTH ST.

Hardly a thing
that isn't an ensemble

—came over from Paris and landed on our Fifth Floor . . dozens of suits . . . practically every sleeveless dress has its jacket . . . even evening dresses have their waist-line coats . . . and for every separate dress there can be found a coat that looks as though it were born to go with it.

Daytime Dresses, 65.00 and up

Evening Dresses, 85.00 and up

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

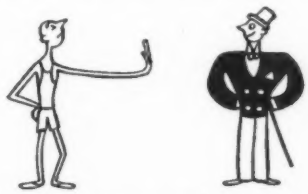
WHAT a busy week it has been for our statistics department—a week of running around, up and down avenues, counting taxicabs and measuring everything in square feet! Here is their report, just as we received it. There are twenty-eight thousand licensed cabs in New York. Of these, twenty-four thousand are on the streets all the time. Twenty-four thousand long-nosed cabs occupy one million seven hundred and twenty thousand square feet of street (forty acres). If these cabs were all the new Ford type cabs, they would cover only twenty-nine acres. (Twenty-nine as against forty—please remember the figures as we go along, because we can't

repeat the lesson for any dullards.) That leaves a difference in available street space of eleven acres. If those eleven acres were packed as people are packed into Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, that space would hold two hundred and thirty-one thousand pedestrians. The conclusion to be reached from this, outside of a kind of dumb awe at our statistician, is that the city ought to adopt the small-cab idea.

PEOPLE keep writing us letters. We have a letter, for instance, from the Literary Guild asking us to comment editorially on the Guild's third year. Our only comment is that the Guild, during the year, was responsible for one of the most ridiculous advertisements we ever saw—an advertisement about a man named Harry, whose character and habits were changed by membership in the Guild. He got so he wouldn't even answer the telephone

any more for fear it might be somebody trying to urge him to do something besides read a Guild book. For a long time we had it in mind to write a story about that man Harry, whose reliance on the critical judgment of Carl Van Doren, Burton Rascoe, Hendrik Van Loon, and Joseph Wood Krutch was so complete that he could no longer answer the telephone. We were going to call it: "Harry, of the Literary Guild." It'll never get written, though. We feel it in our bones.

ANOTHER letter we have is from a tailor—a very polite note. He says that not only would his clothes accentuate our attractive characteristics, but they would actually obliterate our unattractive characteristics. It took us hardly an instant to dispatch a hurried reply: "Dear Mr. So-and-so: Thank you for your note. We cannot con-



sider, at this moment, the obliteration of our unattractive characteristics." What kind of life does he want us to lead, anyway? A life of sham and pretence, our thin crooked legs disguised in pantaloons, our old bent shoulders padded with wads of false muscles? No, thank you. We stand before the world, not attractive, possibly, but with all our physical absurdities revealed.

ONE thing about the thirteen-month calendar hasn't been made clear to us: what are Sears, Roebuck going to do about oysters? Everyone knows that oysters are edible up until May 1; but in Roebuck-land, spring comes early. May 1 comes in April some time, when oysters are still good. This will confuse the entire country, and may even confuse the oysters. Also, what is the name of the thirteenth month, and is it going to have an "r" in it? And will that old chant have to be revised to:

"Thirty days hath September, April, Roebuck, and November"?

The Major

UP to a short time before his death Major George Haven Putnam, who died last week at eighty-five, always walked to work; always got there at nine and stayed until four. In his building in Forty-fifth Street he never used the elevator but always walked up the stairs. He seldom rode in automobiles—never seemed to get used to them. He grew up in the days of carriages and sleighs and never became accustomed to modern traffic. He had a fine disdain for the red and green lights and was always being knocked down by motor cars. Once this happened a few hours before he was to give a lecture. He gave it, and found out the next day he had a broken rib. He

was used to working under difficulties and against odds. He was shot in the right arm during the Civil War and that member was disabled for the remainder of his life. He dictated the fifteen books he turned out. His activities were enormous and varied. He wrote and lectured on all sorts of subjects—the Civil and other wars, the Church, Indian affairs, the Sullivan gun law, Lincoln, copyright problems, free trade. He was a great controversialist. A lifelong Democrat, he was also a lifelong enemy of Tammany. He opposed Wilson's original non-interference policy, the Irish Free State movement, La Follette, full payment of the European war loans, and a dozen other things. Twice in recent years he was howled down during speeches he gave here, because of pro-British leanings. He was born in London, paid taxes both in England and America, and crossed the ocean a hundred and sixty-five times, once in a leaky vessel that barely made it. In his teens he carried proofs for his father's publishing house to Washington Irving, and before he was twenty he had met Thackeray, Fenimore Cooper, and Bayard Taylor, and had heard Lincoln speak at Cooper Union. He sat on a platform behind William Cullen Bryant, who presided.

The Major was attending the University of Göttingen when the Civil War started. He came here and enlisted in a New York regiment. He entered the army as a private and was mustered out as a major. In between somewhere he had a whack at being a chaplain. Once he organized a baseball game outside the picket lines. Rebel sharpshooters not only picked off his outfield just as his team was about to trim the Thirteenth Connecticut, but also got away with the ball. He was captured in battle and sent to Danville. He had one of the few toothbrushes in the prison and refused three hundred dollars for it.

The Major couldn't accustom himself to the present-day high-pressure methods of book publishing. He used to talk about the leisure and dignity of the industry in the days of his middle life. Big advance royalties to authors he considered a curse. He treasured a receipt for fourteen dollars given his father by Edgar Allan Poe, an advance on some of Poe's poems. Myrtle Reed, who wrote "Lavender and Old Lace," used to plan her novels so they would be delivered to his desk on his birthday, together with a red rose for every year of his life. Major Putnam liked jury duty, never dodged it. He was foreman of the grand jury which investigated the failure of ex-President Grant and Ferdinand Ward. Olga Nethersole wept on his shoulder at the time of the court proceedings against "Sappho" here, nearly forty years ago. He found time to be president of half a score organizations. He founded the English Speaking Union in this country and established forty branches of it. He liked chess, hated the movies. He took up smoking as an old man. Until his last illness he was willing to take on anyone his age at tennis.

Specialization

THERE is no telling about ladies when they are disturbed, or ruffled. One of the things ladies demand, when something goes wrong with their shopping, is that the store discharge the employee whose fault it was. A store uptown has learned how very mollifying it is to ladies to witness a dismissal, and they have assigned one of their employees to be the goat in all cases. It is his job to be discharged. Whenever an aggrieved patron of the store demands the scalp of an employee, this young man is summoned, the blame is at once traced to his negligence, he is given a severe talking to and told to get his hat and leave. Sometimes he is fired as many as twenty times in a week, always to the immense relief of the customer and never with any particular injury to himself. In fact, he rather likes it—gives him time to go across to Schrafft's for a soda.

Chefs

WHEN we were exploring the Hotel New Yorker a couple of months ago we discovered Pierre Bérard, the chef, in an ice vault far below ground. He was modelling a statue in ice. We've since learned that ice accounted in large part for his career: when he was a mere boy in Paris he made a large statue of a horse out of ice for a great banquet given to a prince; the statue was much admired, and Pierre resolved to become a chef, and did.

He is a conceited fellow, by his own admission, fears no one nor anything, and, unlike most chefs, likes to eat. He's had quite a life—three years in a pastry shop in Paris, then London at the Berkeley and the Savoy, then America cooking for many big hotels and clubs. He once prepared what President Hoover called the best meal he ever ate, and is now at work on a book, "The Life of a Chef," which he is managing to write between meals. Some day he is going back to Villeneuve-Loubet, near Nice, where he still has an ancestral home.

There are about six or eight rather famous chefs around town. One of them, Scotto of the Ambassador, is a pupil of Escoffier, who is considered the greatest living chef. Scotto says Americans don't know how to eat, and every so often the idea gets hold of him very strongly and he packs up and goes abroad to Monaco, where he was born, and where people know how to eat. We have heard, by the way, that the new Restaurant Marigny, in East Fifty-eighth Street, has for its chef another pupil of Escoffier, one Baptiste Demarie, and the food is called good by gourmets.

Charles Sicault, who is chef at the Yale Club, also worked under Escoffier, in Monte Carlo. Sicault is short and fat, and bawls out his orders in mighty tones. Only French is spoken in his kitchen, but the menus carry a note translating the names of the dishes into English, the native Yale tongue. Sicault eats very little—*café au lait* for breakfast, an orange and some spaghetti for lunch, a real meal with Continental trimmings at night.

Another plump cook is Roger Crétaux at the Roosevelt. He is so ample most of the horses in Central Park dislike him, but he rides anyway. Crétaux no longer wears a chef's garb: he has so many responsibilities at the Roosevelt he has to wear a business suit. He's a friend of Babe Ruth, and the Babe sometimes drops into the Roosevelt kitchen and gorges himself.

Meals at the Pennsylvania are by Etienne Allio, one of whose boasts is that he taught his wife to cook. The Union League Club once, in a burst of generosity, paid the boy Allio five

dollars a month to work there as an apprentice. They didn't want to pay him anything, but the law required it. Encouraged by this success, Allio switched to the Waldorf, later to the Walton in Philadelphia, then Nice, Monte Carlo, Paris, Aix-les-Bains, back to the Waldorf, to Louis Sherry, catered for J. P. Morgan, Payne Whitney, John W. Gates, and Mrs. Vanderbilt. He loves dandelions—eats them every day during the season, and the tougher they are, the better.

The Ritz is distinguished by having a long slender chef, Louis Diat. A bit of fruit for breakfast, a bit of fish for lunch, a bit of milk-toast for supper—that's Louis. He has to eat lightly. He supports three French orphans, out of the kindness of his heart.

One of the Boys

SOMEWHAT plump, and wearing a gray suit, the owner of a foundry in Iowa started on a tour of the White House grounds last week, but when he tried to penetrate into the intimate recesses of the place, the guide stopped him. He couldn't go any further without a pass. The gentleman said there must be some way of doing it. The guide thought this over, and finally had an idea. "I'll tell you," said he, "a troop of Boy Scouts is coming through in a few minutes. You slip in the crowd and act like one of them, and I'll let you go through."

Smith Mail

MR. BROWN, of Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc., told us the other day that his firm employs a man by the name of Alfred Smith, who received some mention last election time because he founded the Smith-for-Hoover Club. Well, recently a letter plainly addressed to Alfred Smith, care of Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc., was delivered to ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith (of the Smith-for-Smith Smiths). The former governor opened it by mistake and then sent it on to its proper destination with an apology. This incident brought out the fact that the most famous of the Al Smiths sometimes gets as many as a hundred letters a week which belong to other Alfred Smiths. (There are thirteen Alfred Smiths in the Manhattan telephone directory.) The letters come to him no matter what address they bear. This may go on for years. The Post Office Department grinds slowly.

Roger Bacon Again

A NUMBER of people, including some notable scholars, have corrected an error we made about a famous manuscript a few weeks ago. Also given us more facts. The manuscript in

"Did I ever tell you about my experience?"

question is the one done in cipher by Roger Bacon centuries ago and found, as we recorded, by Dr. Wilfrid Voynich one day eighteen years ago while rummaging about an old castle in southern Europe. We said Dr. William R. Newbold of Harvard "thinks he has the key to it." Dr. Newbold was not of Harvard, but of Pennsylvania, and he died two or three years ago — after having actually discovered the key to the cipher system and working out a great deal of the difficult manuscript.

When Dr. Voynich stumbled upon the Bacon opus among a lot of dusty old books which had once belonged to a princely Italian family, it was one of the most romantic moments in the history of research of this kind, for many times, over a period of five or six hundred years, the manuscript had puzzled cryptographers—when it wasn't lost or mislaid. After Dr. Voynich brought it back here, many photostatic copies were made for research workers. Dr. Newbold got one of these. In 1919 he discovered the key to the cipher. It was on the last page of the manuscript, which runs to one hundred and sixteen pages. The opus was in a mixture of drawing, symbol, apparently meaningless Latin, and a kind of Greek shorthand. Over this maze Dr. Newbold worked for several years, with considerable success. He found the work contained some of Bacon's most important scientific discoveries and much data. References were made, for instance, to the eclipse of 1290 and the comet of 1273, and there was a mass of botanical, biological, and pharmaceutical matter. A method for the extraction of copper, unknown today, was given. It was tried out in the chemistry laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania and found to work. As we mentioned, the manuscript, which now reposes in Dr. Voynich's shop in Forty-second Street, is for sale to a public institution, not to a private collector. The price is a hundred thousand dollars.

"Oh, meet Grace and Burton . . . everybody!"

• •

Nightmare

MR. BELLAMY, of the *Outlook*, once sold hats. (We have some aluminum kitchenware in our own past, so we know all about such matters.) His first experience with the hats was full of stark horror. He found himself in a small town in Illinois with two trunkloads of hats—three hundred and seventy-five hats. With great spirit he set up in a hotel room, unpacked the sample hats, and received the local retailers. Everything was brisk and fine, until he got ready to leave town. He then found that he could get only one hundred hats back into the trunks, leaving a balance of two hundred and seventy-five unpacked hats. He had to call in a local hatter—fairly mad—to help him get the hats back; and the experience, of course, left its mark.

Portrait of a Pirate

THE big pirate who stands in front of the Pirates' Den in the Village

is about as well known as any doorman in town, having appeared in many sketches and cartoons of late. His name is Nathaniel Dirk, and he is swarthy, thanks to tan makeup. When giggly women visitors ask him where to find a Village artist, he says he doesn't know. He conceals the fact that he is one himself—has had half a dozen exhibits in various Village places. Painter by day, doorman by night. He has stood in front of the Den nearly every night for seven years. The other afternoon he flew over New York in a plane and made sketches of the skyscraper district. He later worked these over in water colors. This work wrought his artistic fervor to such a pitch that all the time he was at it he had to leave his studio every fifteen minutes and run around the block to calm himself down. To those who can draw him out, he says, twirling his black mustachios (false), "Art is the creation of a search by man to understand himself in relation to the sensations produced or invoked by nature." That's that. He was with the 311th Engineers in the war. He has a collection of mementos given him by celebrities visiting the Den—such as a caricature of W. C. Handy by Covarrubias. Handy gave it to him. Good fellow to show off to your aunt when she visits the city; you can point him out from a cab and drive on.

Shock

NO security anywhere any more. A sugar executive who has had trouble with his nerves for some years moved his offices and organization several months ago to a carefully selected building downtown, carefully selected to avoid noise. He had his walls soundproofed, the telephone muffled, and the floor heavily carpeted. He worked happily there for several months. Then they began to put up the inevitable building next door. The din brought his nerves back at once—so badly that he went to a psychiatrist. The latter gave him several good talkings-to, said he shouldn't make so much of the noise, that it wouldn't bother him if he didn't let it, told him to rise above the racket, and to keep in mind that after all it represented progress and fundamentally sound business conditions. The man went back to work, and did fairly well at it, but a few days ago something happened that suddenly put him back on the psychiatrist's hands. He was at his desk, grimly concentrating, when one of the windows behind him—eighteen stories up, remember—opened and a burly giant plumped into the room. "Can I use your phone, neighbor?" asked this visitor. "I'm workin' on the structure next door, and I gotta phone a guy."

Corsets de Luxe

WHENEVER Mae West needs a new corset for something like "Diamond Lil" she goes to Mme. Binner's in Fifth Avenue at Fifty-eighth Street. Many, many people needing corsets go to Mme. Binner. She started on her career in Vienna. At the age of eleven she took to making corsets, to pass the time away. After coming to this country, in the early eighties, she was a lone—but a loud—voice in the wilderness, pointing out the horrors of the hourglass corset. Women clients who insisted on having them she sent to doctors for X-rays, to show them what a mess tight corsets made of their ribs. The grateful doctors sent clients to Mme. Binner, who made them light sensible corsets. At present, they say, she has two thousand customers, including such women as Mrs. Charles Steele, Mrs. Seth Thomas, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, and Mrs. Thomas Lamont. Some ladies buy ten or a dozen corsets at a time. Mme. Binner also has a few men customers who have curvature of the spine or who need artificial support while recovering from an operation. For them she designs special corsets. She is also the inventor of the detached brassière and—probably more important—she was the first person to think of attaching garters to corsets. Before that garters had just wandered around with no real home.

The first gartered corset was made for Lillian Russell, who was so enchanted with it she became a regular customer, later ordering from Mme. Binner the most expensive corset ever made. It cost thirty-nine hundred dollars — fourteen hundred dollars for the corset proper and twenty-five hundred dollars for the garters, which had diamond buckles. Once, when her house in Long Island burned down, Miss Russell's first cry after her escape was, "My support! My support!" "Your what?" demanded a fireman. "My corset!" shrieked Miss Russell. It was at about this time that Anna Held came to Mme. Binner with an offer of one hundred dollars for every inch taken off her waist. It cost her quite a bit. Mme. Binner fixes up any number of opera stars. This is the devil of a job, because of the sisterhood's inclination toward rotundity.

Mme. Binner is short, dark, and vivacious. She lives in town with her twenty-three-year-old son, who is an art director in the movies. He designed his mother's present establishment, a modern affair of silver, orchid, and green. Summers Mme. Binner goes to Carlsbad and takes mud baths with Frieda Hempel and Ganna Walska. She is very psychic. She once went to Evangeline Adams to learn if she should sell some real estate, and as soon as she came in, Miss Adams said, "Are you in this business also?" The corset-maker and her late husband, a Neapolitan, were among Caruso's best friends. Often he would come to dinner and they would cook spaghetti together in the kitchen. When Caruso sang Mme. Binner always went to the opera and applauded longer than anybody else, which was no mean feat.

Mme. Binner thinks the long dresses will tend to dignify conversation, that women won't say the things they used to say in short dresses.

Too Much

FROM one of the old and staid midtown hotels, where some of the present guests first registered back in the last century, a young man was evicted the other day. The manager explained the situation to one of his favorite guests, who put down his Springfield *Republican* to listen. "He seemed a nice enough fellow, but we simply had to ask him to go," said the manager. "Burned candles! He'd have guests in to dinner and then he'd put candles on the table and turn out the electric lights. We couldn't have that—didn't look right." —THE NEW YORKERS

NEW PLAYS FOR OLD

As it is a little difficult to follow Mei Lan-fang, the recently imported Chinese "King of Actors," unless you happen to know what a twist of the sleeve or a tilt of the fan means to the Chinese—and even then you can't be quite sure—we have prepared one or two little playlets for Mei's program in case he runs out of good ones.

"Kei-Lang's Parting with Old Mice, or Love's Gift"

Yo-Chang, Kei-Lang's ling-chung ..... Mei Lan-fang
A Rubber .....

Yo-Chang enters, singing that she has just come up from downstairs and that nobody was down there. She pulls her left sleeve down to about three-quarters of an inch below her wrist, which signifies that she is lying and that she has really been downstairs all afternoon with Lang making *loopee*, an ancient Chinese debauchery. This goes on until about nine-thirty or ten.

Pao Wen enters, going through the conventional pantomime of mounting a horse and getting off again because the stirrups are too high. Yo-Chang sings that she would like to know what in hell he is bringing the horse into the living-room for, all the while ticking the right ankle with the left foot, which signifies that it is really a very fortunate thing that he did bring the horse in because it will keep him (Pao Wen) amused and he won't ask questions. Pao Wen is, in the meantime, going through the conventional pantomime of feeding imaginary sugar to the imaginary horse and the imaginary horse is going through the conventional pantomime indicating that he thinks that the sugar has been soaked in ether for the purpose of getting him out of the way. He (the horse) is pretty sore at this. (It is a common symbolism in Chinese drama that a cross horse in a living-room means three days of rain, followed by clearing and colder. You would know this if you were Chinese and if you don't know it, that is your hard luck.)

Yo-Chang whips out four brownish flags, with crossed knives painted on them in red, which means Indigestion. "I feel awful," she sings for twenty minutes. Pao Wen comes back at her by flashing a duster made of camel's hair, which is the symbol of Indifference Masquerading Under a Show of Polite Interest. In China, only gods, demi-gods, Taoist priests, and members of the Union Club may flash a duster of camel's hair and the only explanation of Pao Wen's having one is that he has stolen it or got it at a pawnshop. You will have time to go out and bake a cake while this is going on.

Yo-Chang, in desperation, executes what is known as the Set-Tubs Dance, which indicates that she has been standing over the set tubs all day long and is getting pretty sick of it too. She is accompanied in this dance by an off-stage harlot playing the Yueh-Ch'in or Lemon Guitar, an instrument consisting of a round piece of wood with three and a half strings (shorter than those on the Hu-Ch'in, mind you, but not so short as to be ridiculous), attached to the pegs of which is a strip of bacon, not very crisp, please.

It is doubtful if you will sit through this, so the rest of the plot doesn't matter.

"The Auspicious Wheel and the Luke-Warm Water"

This is out of the Golden Age of Chinese drama (80,000-76,000 B.C.). It is also sometimes used as a sauce.

Chang-Li, a sort of chap .....
Li-Chang, his sweetheart (she thinks) ..... Mei Lan-fang
Chong-Lo, an Irish coster .....

Li-Chang enters singing that her name is Li-Chang and that her address is 294 East Ninety-seventh Street. (It is an age-old custom for Chinese actors to give their name and address on making their entrance. This eliminates vagrants.) She sings also that the best that she could do on those seats were four in the eighteenth row or two-and-two in the fourteenth and fifteenth. Chong-Lo turns up the collar of his coat, indicating that he will take the two in the fourteenth and let the other two go.

This is accompanied by music on the Hsiao or Small Gong, which is convex and just a little below the key of F flat without quite being in the key of E sharp. It sounds awful.

At this point in the drama, nobody comes on. Li-Chang waits for a while, singing and pushing her sleeves up and down. As the audience doesn't seem to care much, the show closes on Saturday. —Robert Benchley

RESTAURANT ROYALTY

It is only right that the Embassy Club should be the domain of Luigi, whose look of sheer aristocracy suggests the diplomatic service. Here he presides over the chic, the social, and the merely spectacular with cynical, though well-bred, poise.

•

HOMUNCULUS

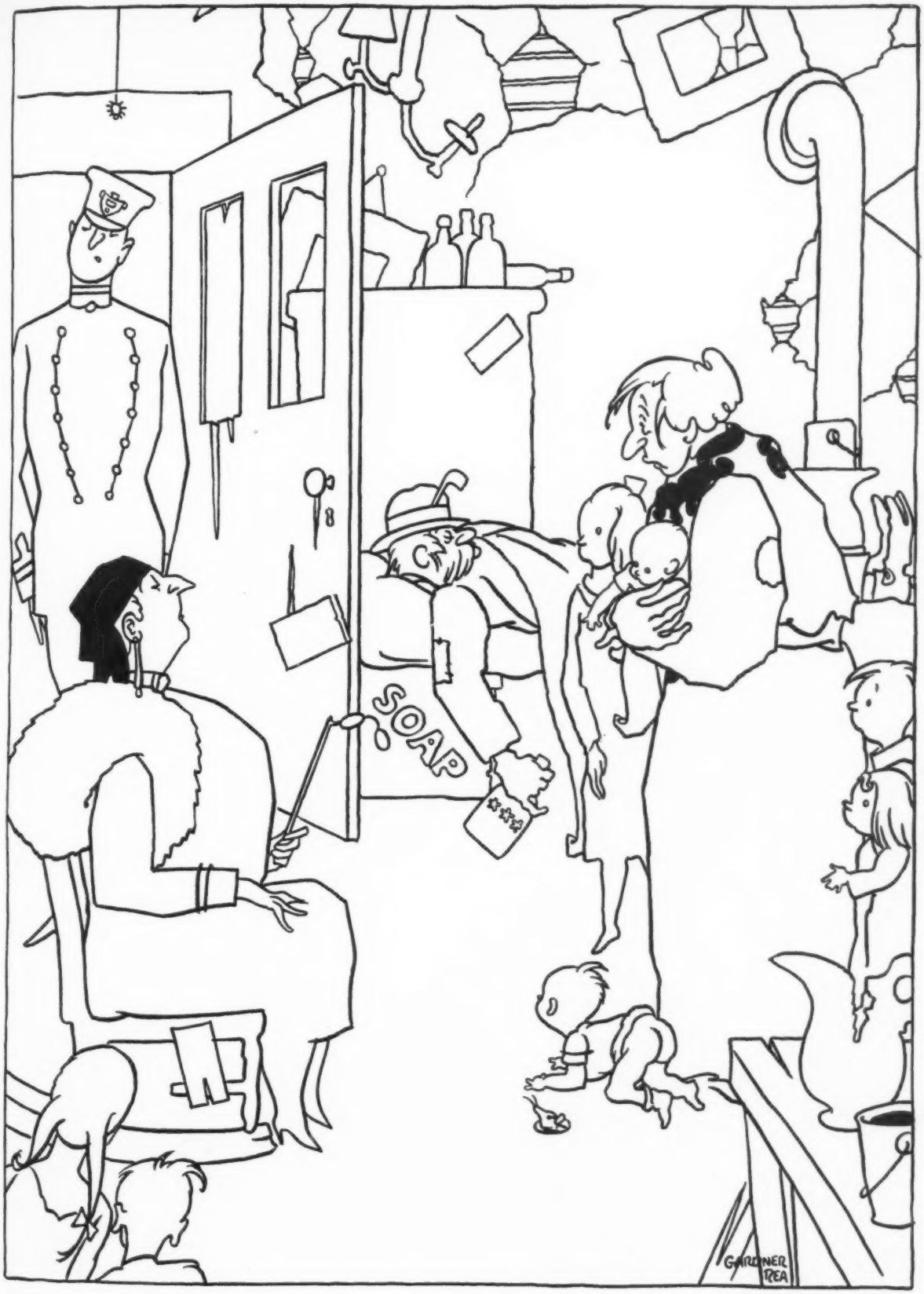
Oh, see what I have made!
A delicate, precious ruse
By which death is betrayed
And all time given use.

See this fine body, joined
More cleanly than a thorn.
What man, though lusty-loined,
What woman from woman born

Shaped a slight thing, so strong,
Or a wise thing, so young?
This throat shall yet have song
And words move on this tongue.

It lacks but life: some scent,
Some kernel of hot endeavor,
Some dust of dead content
Will make it breathe forever.

—Louise Bogan



"Have you tried numerology?"

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, The Supercilious Sub-Tenant. She arrives to look at the flat just as you are sitting down to a bridge-table buffet luncheon,
So you leave your chicken curry and your grand-slam-in-spades contract,
Inwardly thankful that the rug has not slipped off the spot where the mechanic spilled acid when he was fixing the radio.
Her attitude as she goes from room to room is that of a slums inspector,
"So they call this a furnished apartment!" being written all over her face.
She pulls apart the neatly made beds to find if the springs and mattresses are sleepworthy,
And looks pained when you tell her that the monogrammed sheets and Alençon blanket covers are not nominated in the bond.
She asks questions which might have been prompted by Max Steuer or Samuel Untermyer:
"Are you bothered by noise or smoke from the boats on the river?" "Will the building going up across the avenue cut off the view of the town?" "Where is the nearest dry cleaner?" "How much electricity does the icebox use?" "Are the walls soundproof?" "Is it easy to get taxis?" "Does the superintendent drink?," etc.
She examines the photographs of your friends as if she were trying to make an identification in the Rogues' Gallery,
And when you murmur something about putting the silver in storage,
She turns over several pieces of Sheffield and cheerfully acquiesces,
Confiding that her own is all solid, and that it *matches*.
You are convinced as to her implication that the draperies and lampshades are not what she would choose herself.
The closet space is never adequate for her wardrobe.
Her astonishment at the rental suggests that she may expect you to pay the telephone bill and keep the house filled with fresh flowers.
You cannot make out whether she signs the lease in charity or desperation,
But you can be certain, even though your Lares and Penates are museum pieces,
That she will derive great comfort and satisfaction from disowning them,
Because the sub-tenant, supercilious or otherwise, does not live who can refrain from telling her guests, with a condescending gesture,
"Of course these things aren't ours—we rented the place furnished."

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD

• •

"Mr. Stanevalski, I admire you."

'WAY SOUTH

FLEEING winter skies and metropolitan tumult, I found myself at length at Spartanville, a railroad station so far down in what used to be known as "Dixie" that the trains are no longer "due;" they are "expected." Some of them aren't even expected; among these was the train to Augusta, which I had come to Spartanville expressly to find.

It was about noon when I descended the steps of my train. I knew it was about noon because the negro reclining on an empty baggage truck in the shade was fast asleep; they rarely sleep very soundly before midday. No one else was in sight.

After a while the conductor strolled out of the door of the Busy Bee Café and waved a toothpick at the engineer; the cars coasted off down the rails, leaned lazily into a cut, and rolled away. I cast another glance at the baggage truck, smothered a yawn, and entered the waiting-room labelled "WHITE" (as distinguished from the one on the other end of the station labelled "COLORED") to ask about the train for Augusta.

I was hoping vaguely that I should be able to find someone who could tell me about the train, but I was half prepared to find the waiting-room as deserted as the rest of the station; my heart therefore experienced a considerable thrill at seeing in a corner opposite the door a large, new sign in bright red letters: "TRAIN INFORMATION." Beneath the sign was a small table, and a chair leaning back against the wall and occupied by a limp negro.

He seemed to be troubled with insomnia, or else the noise of my train's departure had waked him; he made no movement of any kind, but I could tell he was not asleep because his eyes were two-thirds open. A stiff round cap, a good deal too small for him, sat on the right rear quadrant of his head, its thick visor pointing up suggestively at the new red sign. A dead cigar, which had burnt down to within an inch of his face, rested in one corner of his mouth with the air of having been there for a long time. His face was so black that it made the cigar seem a light tan.

I SAID to this patient authority on train information, "Can you tell me anything about the next train to Augusta?"

He looked at me for a moment as if trying to coördinate his facts. When he finally spoke his voice sounded weary, as though it had had a hard day in the cottonfields; it seemed completely exhausted, hardly able to drag one syllable after another.

"Whut's dat, suh?"

"The next train to Augusta," I repeated.

He grinned slightly.

"'Gusty?"

"Yes," I said, wondering if the grin meant that the train had already gone.

"'Gusty," this half to himself, as if passing the inquiry on to higher authority. Then he lifted his eyes, pushed his cap back still farther on his head, grinned a bit more, and said, "Ah clar ter God, suh, Ah don' know."

He took a dirty match out of the cluster of three or four which he carried in one of his suspender buckles, and ignited it with a leisurely sweep on the brick wall behind him, holding it up with a squint to the inch of cigar and pulling a few times.

"Well," I said, rather disarmed by his confession, "do you happen to know if the next train *goes* to Augusta?"

He looked at me through the blue gaseous fumes of the cigar.

"Naw, suh, Ah don' know."

"You must have a good many trains through here in a day," I said, "not to be able to keep them straight."

"Sez how, suh?"

"I say, how many trains do you have through here a day?"

"Two er th'ee. Two er th'ee 'at

"Now, when I count three—"

ca'ies people. Sometimes mo'. An' sometimes less."

"Some of them go to Augusta, don't they?" I said.

"Oh, Ah reck'n dey does; yes, suh. Some of 'em."

"But you don't know which ones?"

He grinned again—a broad white slash of ignorance unashamed.

"Which away's 'Gusty? Upderoad, er down de road?"

"Up," I said.

"Dese hyer goes mostly down."

I was remarkably patient, I think; I simply shifted the weight of my body from my right foot to my left.

"Now," I said, in the nature of a summary, "we don't know where the next train goes, and our opinions are at variance as to whether it travels north or south. Its destination, likewise, is unknown. But *do* we know what time it sets out?"

He took off his cap and shook his head from side to side, gazing at the floor, still grinning.

"Ah clar ter God, suh, *Ah* don't!" he said.

I stepped back and examined the sign again, wondering if I could have misread it. But it still spelled "TRAIN INFORMATION."

"Don't you think," I said, picking up my suitcases, "that you ought to take that sign down?"

At this the grin, which had been simmering for a good while, exploded. He clapped his hands together with a great shout and doubled over. "Eh, hee! Hee! Hee! Ah tol' Mister John not ter put 'at sign up dere!"

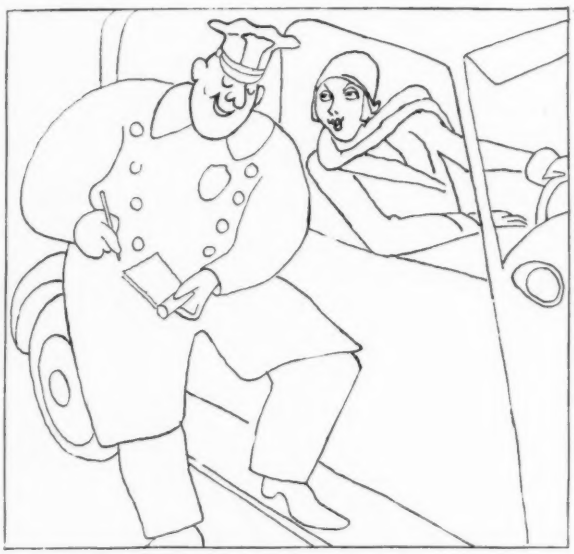
And I began to understand that I was a long way from New York.

—BERRY FLEMING

• •

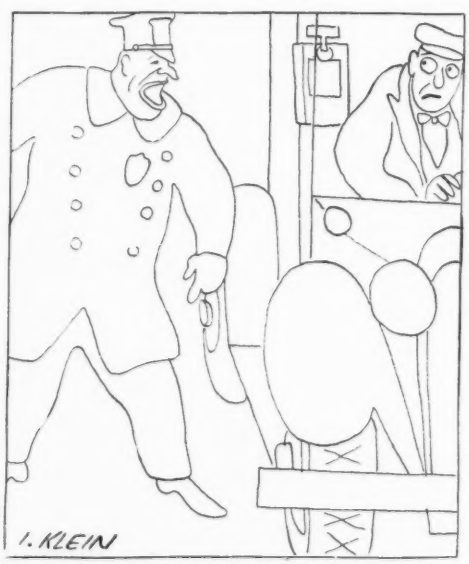
TRAFFIC NEWS

Much Patience and Amiable Wit Are Shown by Our Traffic Guardians



CRUEL BUT HANDSOME. "You're so handsome, officer," said the lady motorist above, "but so ruthless!" "You're so beautiful," the policeman answered, blushing, while presenting a ticket, "but so reckless!"

"IS THIS A ONE WAY STREET?," Sidney Pealman, aged 9, asks cop. "I hate to tie up traffic," added the thoughtful youth.



NO, NOT THE PRINCE. "Hey, who the heck do you think you are?," cooed Officer Brenel (above left), "the Prince of Wales?" "No, sir," explained the taxi-driver (above right). "I'm Count Frederick von Hockenstein of Wurstburg, driven by desperate fortune to this lowly occupation." It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

OFFICER HELPS BLIND MAN. Traffic Officer Brandt stopped motorist and asked him to help fellow-driver who passed up red light. "Why didn't you stop?," asked officer. "I didn't see," answered the driver. Driver sees now.

NOTHING LIKE IT

BY W—M L—N PH—L—S

MY friend, Gilbert K. Chesterton, has produced a book called "Theology and Tobacco." The title will doubtless shock most of my readers, since it is the generally held opinion that smoking is inconsistent with a Christian life, but I am convinced that this is not necessarily true, for I once knew a very devout Congregational minister who smoked a cigar after dinner. I myself once smoked a cigarette, or at least intended to do so. It was given me by Maurice Maeterlinck at a public dinner. I lit it, and, being somewhat confused by the condescension of the great man, stuck the lighted end in my mouth. The cigarette was, of course, extinguished, and I still preserve it as a memento of my intimate, though brief, personal acquaintance with that great poet. I can bear witness to the harmlessness of smoking, for I suffered no ill effects from this indulgence, except a blistered tongue, a small penalty to pay for the delight of having been honored by the friendship of Maeterlinck.

GEORGE B. LITTLE'S "Life of George Washington" is in two volumes. Although I never had the honor of meeting General Washington, because he died some years before I was born, I do not hesitate to say that he was one of the most distinguished men of his time (in America), and that he played a very important part in the American Revolution.

OUR beloved and deservedly popular American novelist, Semple Gailey, has just published her latest novel, "Hearts and Roses." This is a beautiful book, full of well-known truths, told in a delicately refined and ladylike fashion. I salute her! In these days, when s–x engages the interest of so many of our novelists, it is refreshing, to say the least, to come upon one of Miss Gailey's masterpieces in which this unfortunate element of human life is, as far as possible, ignored. I met Miss Gailey years ago at a literary tea, we being the two lions of the occasion. I found her a woman after my own heart.

GIDEON GOLLUP was graduated from Yale in 1926 and attracted my attention because he was a third cousin of the famous Oliver Gollup. Gideon has now presented to the public his first book, "The Serpent of Old Nile," a life of Cleopatra, the wife of Mark Antony. I am a very tolerant man, but I cannot regard that unfortunate woman as a paragon of virtue. Indeed, I have often thanked God that I never knew Cleopatra, for I have an uneasy suspicion that even I should not have been safe in her presence. Virtue has its limits of endurance and, though the limits of mine have never been reached, who knows what might have happened had I been subjected to her physical allurement? When I think of Mark Antony, I am tempted to say "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

"THE FORSYTE SAGA," by John Galsworthy, is a very well-written novel, though unusually long. My acquaintance with Mr. Galsworthy began in 1928 when I was introduced to him at his club in London by my friend Arnold Bennett. I had met Bennett that same afternoon and had been telling him about my acquaintanceship with various great writers. He listened in the most courteous silence for nearly an hour, and then, suddenly, said, "Pardon me for interrupting you, but Galsworthy has just come in. Wouldn't you like to meet him?" Of course I was delighted, and thus began my lifelong friendship with one, who, I make bold to say, is one of the most widely known of English authors.

GEOFFREY BUNTHORNE, the talented young English poet, whom I came near meeting at a dinner in London in 1928, has written a novel. It is called "Love Among the Goldfish." I do not hesitate to say that it is a noble and beautiful book, displaying a wide knowledge of the lives and loves of these interesting denizens of the deep. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that this study of our *finny* friends is a most *finnished* work.

THE Avon edition of the plays of William Shakespeare is in twenty

"I'm coming here some day to study this carefully. I may buy it if it's all you say it is."

volumes. I urge all my readers to buy it. At this late date it is doubted by few that Shakespeare was a great dramatist. That, at least, is my unqualified opinion, and I state it fearlessly. There are, of course, certain passages in some of his plays which I would not read aloud to my classes, but one must take into consideration the standards of propriety of his generation. I am sure that, had he been born in my time and educated at Yale, his plays would have shown the results of more refined influences. Eugene O'Neill, one must not forget, went to Harvard. I regret having to confess that I have not yet succeeded in meeting Mr. O'Neill.

Faery Queene Club

The following letter is most interesting:

Unknown Friend:

I have read quite a lot of the book you give me. Its certainly wrote swell. Its away over poor little me. Anyhow I want to join your Fairy Queen Club. I suppose its like the others sos I can go there when the shows over and get a drink and see a little life. Ime getting along fine they have gave me a better part. Ime in the front row now. Let me know about the Club where its address is and everything.

Fay Pearl

Miss Pearl is heartily welcomed into the Club, and so is little Abram Goody, aged nine, of Binkle, Iowa, who writes that he read every word of the "F. Q." one Saturday afternoon instead of playing ball with the other lads. He asks whether he is to get a badge or something. No, Master Goody, the only reward is a consciousness of superiority to your parents and friends, and your name in this magazine.

Mrs. Dan McTig, wife of the Champion Flagpole Sitter of Baraboo, Wisconsin, writes that during Dan's recent session of fifteen days, nine hours, and twenty minutes on top of the flagpole on the Hotel Ritz-Baraboo, a hundred feet above the ground, he read the "F. Q." from cover to cover sixteen times. This is certainly the *highest* compliment Spenser's immortal poem has ever received and Mr. McTig is welcomed to the Club.

—Christopher Ward

OF ALL THINGS

A French ministerial crisis is conducted in the spirit of good, clean fun. At a given signal all the players get up and change seats.

•

We are now wondering what would happen if Mr. Hoover should remark, "It looks like rain." Would this be regarded as an affront to American Senatehood?

•

There is reported to be a strange reluctance among G.O.P. upstatesmen to run against Roosevelt this year. It only goes to show that unemployment is not as serious as Democratic malcontents have tried to make out.

•

At the House hearings eminent wets made it quite clear that prohibition is unenforceable. The explanation is fairly simple. Fifty million Americans can't be pinched.

•

Federal mercenaries raided what was practically the official speakeasy of our Police Headquarters. This means war. The Union has seceded from New York.

•

Another blow at local self-government is the proposal to raise the duty on silk hats. This would be an inexcusable tax on Tammany weddings, funerals, and welcomes.

•

A parade of Young Communists in the financial district was broken up by the police. It was feared that the youngsters would go to Wall Street and abolish God.

•

The musical comity of London has been postponed again because of the continued absence of the French horn. After all they cannot play the whole show on the Anglo-Saxophones.

•

The delegates must have their moments when they envy Germany. She had naval reduction thrust upon her.

•

An Iowan foresees the time when farmers will live in large apartment houses. Yes, and the farm bloc will be in Washington demanding janitor relief.

•

An astronomer says that the two-hundred-inch telescope now under construction may tell us why the earth wobbles at the poles. Science may some day explain the queer gyrations of stock prices, waistlines, and Senator Borah.

•

The managers report some progress toward abolishing the evils of ticket speculation. Some day it may be possible to buy a ticket at the box office —except for something you want to see.

—Howard Brubaker

• •

MARCH FEVER

Now since I know that summer is come back
Upon the place I loved so long ago,
Nothing that blossoms here can stir me so
Profoundly as the dim and icy track
Among the winds. However tranquilly
I may have taken shelter and solace from
Unhallowed soil, now that the signs have come,
Only a vision and a memory
Contain the breath of life. This being true,
Better that I renounce what peace I've found,
To seek the sturdier life on native ground,
Whether I fail or whether I struggle through.
Better to perish on the homeward flight,
Beating one's life out in the empty air,
Than thrive with them who neither know nor share
The stern dark wisdom of the inner sight.

—Helene Mullins

"What I say goes! In this office I'm God!"

K. O., MIDDLEWEIGHT—II

IF he is ever to get into the big money, a fighter must change his friends as he gets on, picking them with a view to usefulness. By himself K.O. would not have known how to do this, but Doc Confeldt arranged it for him easily and naturally. There was, for instance, a retired fighter named Bellboy Sam McGlyn who ran a little training farm in northern New York. For three years K.O. trained there for his summer fights, and McGlyn, believing he might become champion and bring new customers and prosperity to the farm, was very obliging. All members of Confeldt's stable, training at McGlyn's place, received lower rates than anyone else. The Doc showed his appreciation by making promises, but as soon as K.O. became definitely successful the stable moved for summer training to Gus Wilson's at Orangeburg. The advantage of Wilson's was that it was near the city and therefore more apt to be visited by reporters. Bellboy McGlyn did not feel very friendly after that, but there was nothing much that he could do about it.

The McGlyn incident was not important, but the same sort of thing went on in many directions. The Doc no longer gave free tickets to the members of the claque who had followed K.O. around the uptown fight-clubs after the war. If one of them managed to get him on the phone, Confeldt insisted briefly that he could not get a pass for his own sister. Replacing this claque was a new, infinitely superior council of sportsmen—big spenders, who were more in a position to give K.O. directions than to ask for favors. There was Milton Doyle, a grossly fat, semi-literate, but shrewd and powerful man who ran a string of ticket agencies where bets on sporting events were booked more or less openly. Hyman Scherer, a friend of Doyle's, had once held some minor political office and now had an important position with a private detective agency. He was a great gambler at the track, and when he wanted to put a big bet down he would have the detectives of his agency distribute it in poolrooms all over the country. Both Doyle and Scherer had bought pieces of K.O. from Confeldt. At first they had been interested chiefly in making some of K.O.'s fights safe for betting purposes. At their suggestion, for the first time since he took up with Confeldt, K.O. stooped to chicanery in the ring, losing a fight to a negro named Sunday, whom he decisioned cleanly when they met in a return bout. This piece of crookedness, though profitable, was not followed by other episodes of the same kind because the attitude of the gamblers toward K.O. was changing. They saw now that he might do so well that their shares in him would be profitable quite aside from betting. Doyle tipped him some good horses, and when a chorus girl sued K.O. for "defacing her for life" with a punch on the nose, Scherer used influence to smooth the matter out. K.O. never knew how it was fixed, but the case did not come to trial.

THERE had been quite a fuss in the papers about the girl's suit, however, and Confeldt suggested that he leave town for a while. This was the reason for his visit to his home town. Like most returning heroes, K.O. found his birthplace less imposing than he remembered it. The station seemed dirtier, the streets narrower, the buildings smaller. The powerhouse in Elm Street had been pulled down and there was a big brick school where the Union Hotel had been. His father, who in the old days had rarely noticed him, now shook hands with him diffidently and politely. Looking at his father's thin neck, K.O. saw with surprise that he was an old man. None of the fellows K.O. had known in the wire factory were there now, although several whom he did not remember came up and shook hands; one asked for a loan. He was given news of his various brothers, none of whom made as much money in a year as he was paid for a single fight. On the whole, in spite of his fine reception, the visit depressed him, and he was glad to get away and start training for his bout with Tuffy Lightner.

His training quarters were on a farm in New Jersey belonging to a rich man named Rose, a friend of Scherer and Doyle, and the owner of some racehorses. K.O., Confeldt, and K.O.'s sparring partners lived in a cottage next to an empty barn that had been fitted up as a gym. There were two rings—one in the barn and one on Rose's lawn for use in fine weather. K.O. did five miles of roadwork every day and worked harder sparring than he ever had before. Confeldt was afraid that Lightner would win on cleverness if the fight went the limit, and accordingly tried in various ways to work K.O. up to such a pitch of personal irritation that he would step in and score a knockout. His methods were so successful that by weighing-in time K.O. regarded Lightner as a lifelong enemy and glared at him ferociously when they met in the office of the Boxing Commission. Lightner, slim and dapper, sized up the situation and turned it to his own advantage. Walking up to K.O., he smiled genially and held out his hand. "Hello, Keenan, how are you feeling, boy?"

K.O. was sullen and awkward. He felt as though a trick had been played on him. Lightner had established his superiority, and K.O.'s resentment was complicated with an undefined fear that lasted until ring-time. His hands were cold—an unusual thing for him—when they were bandaged, but once in the ring his nervousness stopped and a feeling of power replaced it automatically. Shaking off Lightner's jabs, he walked after him flat-footed, the yoke-shaped muscle on his shoulders standing out in the glare of the ring-lights. He was not conscious of the noise around him. A fight crowd to him meant the horseshoe of small lights, set back under the dark curb of the balcony, that he could see as he sat on his stool between rounds. Just before the sixth ended he had Lightner down for a count of nine—a climax that satisfied him entirely. He could not understand why Confeldt was so angry that the champion had been able to stall through the seventh and come back in the last three rounds to win a close decision.

"I had him down, didn't I? He took a bounce. Say—he felt that all right."

The manager looked at him with all the disgust his fishy little eyes could ex-

press. After a pause for emphasis he began a tirade which he repeated often in the weeks that followed. "What are you—a palooka at heart?" he would wind up. "For every champ—remember this—there's a carload of bums who had a champion down and couldn't finish him."

K.O. was slightly impressed, but such admonishments were now familiar. He was training for a return bout with Lightner and felt sure he could beat him. Meanwhile he got married. At Rose's place he had sometimes spent evenings chatting and listening to the radio in the house of a Scotchman who trained Rose's horses; now, to the amazement of everyone in his camp, he married the trainer's daughter, a healthy, rather good-looking girl, two years out of high school. His bride had never seen a fight but he persuaded her to watch his second go with Lightner from a ringside seat. From this experience the new Mrs. Keenan acquired an antipathy to the boxing business that became a source of considerable trouble to her husband.

EVERYTHING went wrong in that bout. Lightner, never before a hitter, cut loose and fought; he dropped K.O. twice in the first round and kept after him so hard that the referee stopped it in the eighth when K.O., bloody, helpless, and almost unrecognizable, was pulling himself along the top rope, still trying to get at Lightner. Long after he had his clothes on, he sat on the rubbing table, refusing to leave the dressing-room until the crowd had all gone.

"I can hear them," he insisted. "They're still going out."

Confeldt tried impatiently to reassure him. "Nobody's out there, for God's sake. Here's your cap, now, come on."

K.O. pushed the cap aside like a child, begging Vic, one of his handlers, to make sure no photographers were waiting. "They might take my picture, like I look now."

Workmen had begun to take down the ring before he consented to leave, hurrying out to a taxi with the collar of his camel's-hair coat turned up around his face.

The marks of his beating disappeared from his face, but mentally he recovered more slowly. The only thing that made him feel better was that he won two thousand dollars at Aqueduct on a horse Scherer told him about; with this and his share, sixteen per cent, of the fifty-thousand-dollar gate receipts, he felt he could afford a holiday. He and his wife drove to Canada, visiting Niagara Falls and sending many postcards. In the autumn, after a long stretch of training, he made a comeback, touring the Middle West with Confeldt and winning eight fights in succession.

DURING the next three years he fought a total of forty-six fights. His earnings the first year, after his manager's cut had been subtracted, were sixteen thousand dollars net, and the last year seven thousand. Most of what his household did not use up went to the bookmakers, but K.O. did not worry about not having much saved; he felt he would be good for a long time yet. His new manager, Bill Arnold, who had bought him cheaply from Doc Confeldt because the Doc had lost faith that K.O. would ever amount to anything, got him plenty of matches, most of them out of town. Whenever he went on a trip K.O. made purchases—a present for his wife, or some knicknack he thought would look well in his apartment in Jackson Heights. Usually the things he picked out could have been bought in any store in his own neighborhood, but K.O. attached some special significance to getting them on his travels; they were at once mementos of his fights and testimonials of the pride he took in his home.

HE was thirty-two years old now and had two children; he had been fighting for thirteen years. He lived comfortably, could hit as hard as ever, and felt no older, on the

"What did you learn at Sunday school, son?"
"Oh, just that truth is truth and love is love and life is life and all that sort of thing."

whole. Sometimes he convinced himself that everything was coming out all right, that bad luck was holding him back, and that if he got another chance he could beat men ranked ahead of him, maybe win the championship, but at other times he knew that all these ideas were false, that everything was not all right at all, but confused, bad, and threatening, and that some mysterious influence which he could not understand was at work on him, taking away his ability to win fights and spoiling all the fun that fighting had once been. Whenever he dismissed this thought, it came back again, and worried him. The only way he could get rid of it temporarily was by a good performance, and for this reason fighting became more and more a mental necessity for him as his ability lessened.

AT the bottom K.O.'s deterioration was more mental than physical. He had not done so poorly in the winter season of 1928, but he was obsessed with the idea that he was getting old. He became irritable, and after quarrelling with Arnold in April found himself for the first time without a manager and with no prospect of getting matches. Not fighting for three months and losing money steadily at the track had made him gloomy, and he was in a mood to pay attention to the approaches made to him in July by the manager of Young Ebbetts, a new Canadian middleweight.

Ebbetts' manager was fairly sure his man could beat K.O. but he wanted to be still surer, and after a little dickering K.O. agreed to take a fall for Ebbetts for twelve hundred dollars over and above whatever the promoter might pay him for the match. The only part of this arrangement that he confided to his wife was that he had signed for the fight, and even this brought on an argument. For some time she had been begging him to quit the ring and get some other kind of work, and his long lay-off had made her think that he was going to consent.

"Sure, I should back out and get suspended. Lose my license. That would suit you, I suppose," he said that evening when she had flared up, demanding that he call the bout off.

Staring at him, his wife had opened her mouth to argue, but at his words such a wave of bitterness swept over her that she could not say anything, and turned away. A few days later she read an article in a tabloid ridiculing K.O. The writer said that the match was simply a housewarmer for Ebbetts. He pointed out that the Canadian, though he had never fought in New York, was one of the most dangerous men in the division, and that his manager, needing setups to build him up as an attraction, had been smart in picking K.O. According to the tabloid writer, the fight was in the bag, and the customers could look forward to seeing K.O. knocked out in an early round.

Mrs. Keenan thought about the article all morning. In the afternoon she called up the tabloid writer from a phone booth. At first she was so excited that he did not understand her, but by degrees she made clear that she wanted him to stop her husband from going through with his bout. Genuinely sorry for her, and made conscious by her voice of some tragedy in this match which he had not fully realized when he wrote his paragraph about it, the writer called up K.O.'s handler, Vic Herman, and asked him what the situation was. Herman, who alone of Confeldt's old crowd had stuck to K.O., answered briefly that K.O. needed money, and was going against Ebbetts regardless of what anyone thought about it. In private his advice to K.O., given some time before, had been to back out of the bout, and the answer he had received sufficiently informed him of his friend's feeling in the matter. "If you're a quitter, get on out of here. I don't need no yellow-bellies hanging around me."

An argument followed, but in spite of it Herman was on hand to ride out on the subway with K.O. to the suburban field where the fight was being staged. It was a clear, starry night; the small, unroofed arena smelled of new pine boards; the air had turned cool, but K.O. sweated profusely; getting into the ring he complained of feeling sick. When the bell tapped he ran out of his corner with his hands almost down, as though hoping that Ebbetts would mercifully end it right away. The Canadian obliged him in the fifth round, but after K.O. had been dragged to his corner it became obvious that something phenomenal, as knockouts went, had happened to him. Falling backward from an overhand right to the jaw, he had hit his head very hard, and since the owners of the arena had been more interested in seeing how many seats they could crowd into the space at their disposal than in building a ring properly, there was no horsehair or cork under the canvas, and the fall gave K.O. a concussion. During the three days he lay unconscious, the Boxing Commission investigated reports that the fight was not on the level, and announced that as far as it could discover the reports were without foundation.

K.O. got better, but he quit fighting soon after that. The owner of the poolroom where he had done his betting on horses in the days when he had money gave him a job as bouncer and assistant cashier. Nowadays, if you want to see K.O., you can find him in the poolroom any time between two in the afternoon and twelve at night. His duties are to see that nobody leaves without paying for a table and that anyone who starts a fight gets thrown out. Also he posts the wires that come in from the track on a bulletin board in the back room and does a little bootlegging for the poolroom's clientele. He doesn't earn much but seems to get along; he plays a parlay now and then, and always manages to have a new tie and a light suit of a sporting fashion, slightly soiled. He likes to be where crowds are: you run across him at Aqueduct or with the bunch of idlers, amateur boxers, and men of such vague occupations as his own, hanging around the gyms where fighters train. He still lives with his wife, though she earns her own living now; his mother-in-law, the trainer's wife, takes care of the children. Although his features and his destiny have been blurred in conformation with those of hundreds of other men who were once fighters, something stubborn and individual still twinkles out of his little eyes. About his experiences in the prize-ring he is neither reticent nor boastful; he talks about them easily, but only when requested. The best moment of his narrative is his description of how he had Tuffy Lightner, the middleweight champion of the world, on the floor in the sixth round of their first fight in 1924. K. O. has clippings to prove what he says, but he seems rather flattered if you believe him.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

(The end)

XUM

THE THEATRE

WHAT IS A GOOD SHOW?

IT looks as if we ought to have a man come around from the garage and tighten up our standards of dramatic entertainment. They are getting very loose. By that I do not mean morally loose, but loose in their definitions. We don't seem to be very clear in our minds about what we have a right to expect when we go to the theatre.

For example, we are told that "of course, Shaw's 'The Apple Cart' isn't really a play; it is a dramatized pamphlet," or, "naturally there are long stretches of repetitious talk which do not belong in the theatre, but then that's Shaw." Now if "The Apple Cart" isn't really a play, what is the sense in playing it? If its long speeches do not belong in the theatre, what are they doing in the theatre? Simply because Mr. Shaw happens to be the greatest writer alive, does that give him the right to ask us to accept as dramatic entertainment material which should be read by a reading lamp? There is no law making it compulsory for him to write a play, and if he doesn't want to write a play which will act, he can write a book instead. A play by Shaw can evidently be three days long, have no second act, or be presented by camels carrying letters which spell out the words. One character can do all the talking until he drops dead, or all the characters can talk all at once and all of the time. Every known element which goes into making a play dramatically effective can be disregarded, and yet it is put on as a "play" and we must accept it as such.

Or again, we go to see Mei Lan-fang, the "King of Actors." We are told "of course, you won't understand what he is doing and of course you will be a little bored, but you must make allowances for the entirely different traditions of acting in China and remember that this tradition is two thousand years old."

Why *need* we be bored? Why should we have to make allowances for *anything* when we go for entertainment? Why is it incumbent on the audience which has paid its money for an evening in the theatre to adjust itself to Shaw or to Mei Lan-fang? Other playwrights and other actors have to adjust themselves to their audiences if they want to hold their attention. Granted there is a certain academic interest in what Shaw has to say on Democracy and a certain aesthetic pleasure in watching Mei Lan-fang use his hands for perhaps half an hour. But it isn't a whole evening in the theatre and no amount of "making allowances" can transform it into a whole evening in the theatre. And if it isn't that, why put it in the theatre?

"REBOUND" AT THE PLYMOUTH

Mr. Donn Cook is here seen on the left being particularly unpleasant, while Donald Ogden Stewart (partly second and partly third from the left) is comforting Hope Williams with his own particular brand of waggish humor.

Much of "The Apple Cart" is delightful (but nowhere near so delightful as you are led to believe). A great deal more of it is just plain dull. You would skip great chunks of it if you were reading it. Much of Mei Lan-fang is interesting when you have been told what it means and, if you are in the mood for a dance recital, there are graceful gestures to follow with your rapidly closing eyes. But the fact that Shaw wrote the dull parts of his play does not make them less dull, and dullness has no place in the the-

atre. And the fact that Mei Lan-fang's falsetto is in accordance with a two-thousand-year-old tradition does not make it less harsh and irritating and tiresome under *any* standards, neither does the knowledge that we have not sufficient culture to understand what he is doing make it any less irksome *not* to understand what he is doing. And irksomeness has no place in the theatre, whether it arises from our provincial ignorance or not. If we are going to let Shaw and Mei Lan-fang get away with boring us, we have got to let other playwrights and actors do it, too. My suggestion would be that *nobody* be allowed to bore us.

NOW Marc Connelly has written in "The Green Pastures" a play which is, both in conception and execution, so much finer than "The Apple Cart" as a play that there is no basis for comparison. And he has put into it more beauty than twenty Mei Lan-fangs could get out of twenty Chinese plays even if they were *four* thousand years old instead of two. And yet we hold Mr. Connelly pretty strictly to account, and if there are signs of the almost incredibly high standard of his first act sagging a bit in his second, he must answer to us for it. Mr. Shaw can write any old kind of tract and call it a "play," but Mr. Connelly must write a perfect play or we will have none of it. Well, Mr. Connelly has done just about that.

I do not remember ever crying before over the thing that made me cry almost continuously at "The Green Pastures." I cried because here was something so good. As the story of the Creation and Man's Fall and the Flood, told in terms of an ignorant Negro's imagination, unfolded itself in a series of eighteen scenes, beginning with a "fish fry" in Heaven (at which one of the smallest colored angels on record gets a fish bone caught in its throat) and ending with another "fish fry" at which God (in the almost unbearably lovable person of a colored preacher) accepts the destiny which comes even to divine rulers, one realized that here was something not only new for the theatre but something good for the theatre. It is a fine, fine thing that Mr. Connelly has written.

The all-Negro cast which he has directed could not possibly be better. With material such as this to work with, their natural feeling for the theatre makes itself doubly manifest. As there are almost a hundred of them, including several extremely small angels and children of Israel, one can hardly mention all who deserve mention, but Richard B. Harrison, with a voice like Walter Huston's and a presence which radiates beneficence and proud humility, makes the rôle of the Lord one which not only is not sacrilegious but is excellent propaganda for the Christian Church. If the Lord is really anything like Mr. Harrison, maybe I have been wrong all these years.

There must be a word for the settings which Robert Edmond Jones has done. They, too, are in the spirit of the play, resembling the conventional southern Negro's idea of a stage Heaven in terms of old New Orleans Opera House flats and flies, and yet modern in their effect—a pretty difficult job of designing, you will admit.

You have never seen anything like "The Green Pastures" in the theatre before, and you are not likely to see anything like it again, for it could not be imitated. And if you don't see it now, you don't deserve to.

"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Brownbenecker."

LEW LESLIE'S "International Revue" was notable for one thing. It was the scene of the first open revolt of the public against the theory that one must "make allowances for different standards" in foreign performers when the foreign performers happen to offer bum entertainment. The highly touted Spanish dancer, Argentinita (not to be confused with the dancer with one less syllable in her name who really can dance), was led on amid great to-do, accompanied by a boy from the Madrid High School Mandolin and Banjo Club who obliged with a few selections on the guitar while Argentinita was changing castanets. The lady had stamped her feet six or seven times and snapped her fingers in the air about twelve times, when the audience began to realize that it was being had. All its training in accepting imported artists and "making allowances for different standards" failed it in the face of the indisputable fact that this baby was

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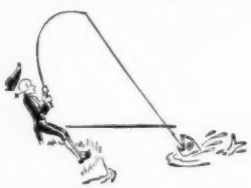

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HARICOTS VERTS in glass... tender, thin-sliced string beans ... imported from France... 65c the jar.

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putting on a bad performance, idol of Spain or no idol of Spain. And a remarkable thing happened. The usually docile American audience began in low but unmistakable terms to give what is known as "the bird." It was a rude thing to do, but a necessary one for the maintenance of our integrity as a nation of theatregoers. Perhaps the next time a producer imports a foreign artist he will make sure, not only that she is foreign, but also that she will agree to conform to the provincial and narrow American standard of "a good show for a good price."

Several prominent stars, including Gertrude Lawrence, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Moss and Fontana, and Florence Moore had the misfortune to be caught in the crash. They had been putting on a pretty fair show up to then. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

PLEA TO THE THEATRE GUILD

Hope of the Drama in Gotham's locality,
Cease to forget your presumed nationality!
Say, is the world of the playwright a semisphere?
Isn't there anything good in this hemisphere?
May not Peorians, even Bostonians
Prove as exciting as Czechs or Livonians?
Banish the plays of the cultured Bulgarians,
Fathoms beyond our untutored barbarians!
Garnish your stage with indigenous scenery,
Village, metropolis, office, or beanery;
There let explorers of human inanities
Show us our manners, futilities, vanities,
Social, domestic, commercial, political,
Viewed with an eye sympathetic though critical.
We've had enough of the grim Bolshevistical,
More than enough of the talky and mystical
Magyar, Bohemian, Norwegian, Batavian,
Even the British including the Shavian.
Give us no more of the deep sophomorical
German verbosities called "allegorical,"
Pale Celtic moonshine and such esoterica!
Be a Columbus! Discover America!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

DIMITY DAYS ARE BACK

BEST & COMPANY
advise **LUX** *care in washing the very fine new cotton frocks*

▲ These two pretty girls are charmingly demure in (left) a frock of flowered batiste and (right) an eyelet embroidered batiste, in a sunny yellow. From Best and Company.

LITTLE girl fashions are the thing—dimity days are back! Summer will find us *all* wearing the ingenuous materials of childhood—flowered dimity, dotted swiss, crisp organdie, embroidered batiste.

True, these simple materials have grown a bit modern—in a very nice way! They're incredibly finer, much, much sheerer, very colorful and gay.

"So when you *wash* them," say Best and Company, famous Fifth Avenue store, "be sure to wash them the *modern* way. Of course we mean cleanse them in Lux."

Colors beautifully new . . .

"Really, these fine new cottons are the most sensible summer fashion for years. With just a dip in a bowl, or a tubful, of Lux, one's dainty frocks come out so fresh and crisp and new! Colors stay beautifully bright, patterns absolutely true, even if Luxed over and over again."

Lux is made of the very purest materials known, made especially to keep colors and all fine fabrics . . . fine cottons, silks, downy woolens, too . . . in their perfect, new state. You can always be confident—if it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in Lux!

▲ Dotted swiss, tiered and flounced, makes an adorable young fashion. Pastel colors are used—very delicate, but they wash perfectly in Lux. From Best and Company.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

OÙ SONT LES NEIGES?

ENGLAND is at present rejoicing in a derisive, staccato, slightly cockeyed, and somehow heart-breaking portrait of herself called "Vile Bodies," a gleaming novel by the provocative Evelyn Waugh. It is to be published here on the tenth instant. From the fourth chapter of "Vile Bodies" I submit as a sample this characteristic opening paragraph:

> At Archie Schwert's party, the fifteenth Marquis of Vanburgh, Earl Vanburgh de Brendon, Baron Brendon, Lord of the Five Isles and Hereditary Grand Falconer to the Kingdom of Connaught, said to the eighth Earl of Balcairn, Viscount Erdinge, Baron Cairn of Balcairn, Red Knight of Lancaster, Count of the Holy Roman Empire and Chenonceaux Herald to the Duchy of Aquitaine, "Hullo," he said, "isn't this a repulsive party? What are you going to say about it?" for they were both of them, as it happened, gossip writers for the daily papers.

Which passage set me thinking, of course, about the First Marquis of Winchell, Baron Walter of Hearst, Earl Oxford and Howie, Viscount Softshoe, Count of the Wholly Inexcusable, and Grand-a-Week Chronicler of the Duchy of Gomorrah. At another time I should like to discourse on Lord Winchell as an important and suggestive phenomenon of journalism. Important because his column in the *Mirror* is at once the most devotedly compiled, the most avidly read, and the most repeatedly quoted column in our town. Suggestive because, in an age when most reporters are so impressionistic that without reading between the lines you can scarcely find out who strangled whom, Winchell has reminded a sluggish generation of city-editors that there is nothing so descriptive as a name, and nothing so readable as a fact.

BUT today this epistle is addressed less to students of journalism than to all those who are agitated in their feelings, whether pleasurably or painfully, by publicity. It is intended for the correction of such of my neighbors as feel, when they see their names in print, either that they have been made or that they have been ruined. It is my mission to suggest that they have been neither, and that the man who contributes either to a press agent or to a blackmailer is wasting his money. If it distresses you to have your name screamed from the newsstands, you do not need so austere a reassurance as the old saying that it will all be the same a hundred years hence. It is the lesson of the day that it will all be the same a week from next Tuesday. Whether you glow or blench at finding yourself, as in a nightmare, treading the witless rigadoon of your life in the middle of Macy's window, it is well to recall that this time next year no one will remember what it is you did or failed to do.

I submit my admonition in the form of a list, and if you don't need it either as a solace or as a depressant, you might find it practicable as a parlor game. It is really cast in the form of a now reviving institution. For, after the hurricane of "Ask Me Another" (which seems to have passed, like Mah Jong, Mayor Hylan, the word "intriguing," and other irritants) the questionnaire is once more raising its ugly head at local dinner parties.

Once more you go out to dine, expecting the coffee and liqueurs to be followed by bridge or general conversation, only to have the hostess (gnawed, perhaps, by a long-suppressed desire to get even with some forgotten school-teacher) fix you with a steely eye and ask you who was McKinley's running mate in 1896, or what city is the capital of Missouri. Well, the impending list is such a questionnaire. The only unity in the wildly variegated assortment of names which compose it lies in the fact that each name was at one time within this present century a recurrent feature of the front page headlines. Each in his or her day was either famous or notorious. Yet how many of them can you identify this morning? How many of them do you remember now?

You see, the list becomes a questionnaire by the simple addition of the words "Who were they?" The past tense as employed in that query is an allusion to the mortality of their fame. Some of them, to be sure, are dead in all respects—a few of them foully murdered. Some, on the other hand, are, as far as I know, in the pink. Others, I suppose, merely in the red. If any name among them evokes no image, and yet, when it is identified for you compels you to exclaim, "Of course, of course. How could I have forgotten?"—why, that name was well chosen. But here is the list. Test yourself on the following:

William H. Anderson
Vera Cathcart
Constantin Dumba
Clarence V. T. Richeson
Willie Stevens
Alvin T. York
James M. Cox
Mary Louise Spas
Alice Jones
Ferdinand Pinney Earle
Fred Beauvais
Harold Bride
Caesar Young
Tommy Burns
Bobby Franks
Florence E. S. Knapp
Umberto Nobile
Floyd Collins
Floyd Bennett
Herman Koehl
Alfred Loewenstein
Katherine Elkins
Wilber Huston
Wilbur Glenn Voliva
Bruce Ismay
Mary Phagan
Edgar B. Davis
Arthur Guy Empey
Jack Binns
Jane Gibson
Ocey Wardlaw Martin Snead
Charles Kingford-Smith
Joseph Robin
Robert Reidt
Joyce Hawley

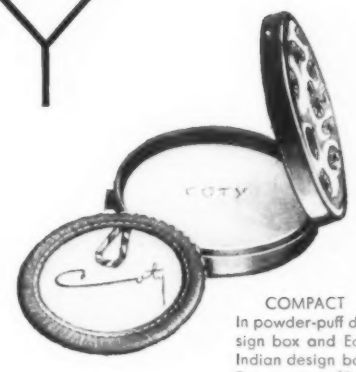
BUT to get back to "Vile Bodies," it has the defiant hilarity of a dance on a sinking ship, and I beg of you not to be put off it by a title which some are sure to regard as unappetizing. After all, the phrase was not original with Mr. Waugh. He plucked it from the correspondence of a native of Tarsus, who—since we are speaking of names—was one of the first of his race to change his.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

XUM

"Multum" and "Parvo"

LES POUDRES COTY



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What a difference this second action makes in shaving comfort. The freshness and sparkle of a *double-action* shave last. You have a velvet feel *while* you shave and *after* you shave.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream and lather up for a *double-action* shave tomorrow.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, FEB. 26

THE Ambassadeurs is being razed; by the time its old, overhanging chestnut trees are in bloom, nor stick nor stone will be left of the famous old Champs-Élysées *café-concert*. Its site was occupied as early as 1764 by a humble pub of the same name; in 1824, rebuilt, it became more pretentious with the addition of a merry-go-round; in 1840, again in new form, it became almost elegant, owing to the Champs-Élysées being lighted by that new-fangled stuff called gas. Then a small stage was added and the Ambassadeurs' popular *café-chantant* was born. The next year the modest boards made way for the charming rococo edifice of our day, which was a centre of fashion during the Second Empire and a centre of singing from the end of the war of 1870 to the beginning of the war of 1914. During this long epoch the Ambassadeurs' galaxy of songsters included Fagette, whose bolero jacket was embroidered with real diamonds; Yvette Guilbert, noted for her Chat Noir black gloves and Montmartre artists (Toulouse-Lautrec made her posters for her); Mayol, of the Concert still bearing his name; an eccentric named Mistinguett, who sang about *apaches*; and a talented youngster, with a new way of wearing his straw hat, called Maurice Chevalier. After the war, when the Gallic tradition of entertainment weakened and Harlem and jazz were what Paris preferred, Florence Mills and her "Blackbirds," and Cole Porter's first musical show, which included Gershwin at the piano in the first Paris audition of the "Rhapsody in Blue," all had their French premières in the hall where, in his heyday, Offenbach had been enthusiastically hummed.

FOUR times in less than two hundred years the Ambassadeurs has been razed to the ground only to rise again more grand. Nor will it now fail to continue in its fine phoenix tradition; the new Ambassadeurs, which will open under the chestnut blooms of a year from now, will comprise not one theatre, as in times past, but two. The first will consist of seats and stage only, in the modern manner; the second will

LITTLE DRAMAS OF NEW YORK LIFE

ISOBEL

My dear! I don't see how she does it. Positively millions of the most exquisite gloves and I know her husband's not making any Park Avenue income.

VOICE OFF STAGE

No secret about it, children. I discovered TOURAINE a few weeks ago and now I can indulge my slightest fancy where gloves are concerned.

Gloves at Touraine are the finest money can buy, yet they cost but

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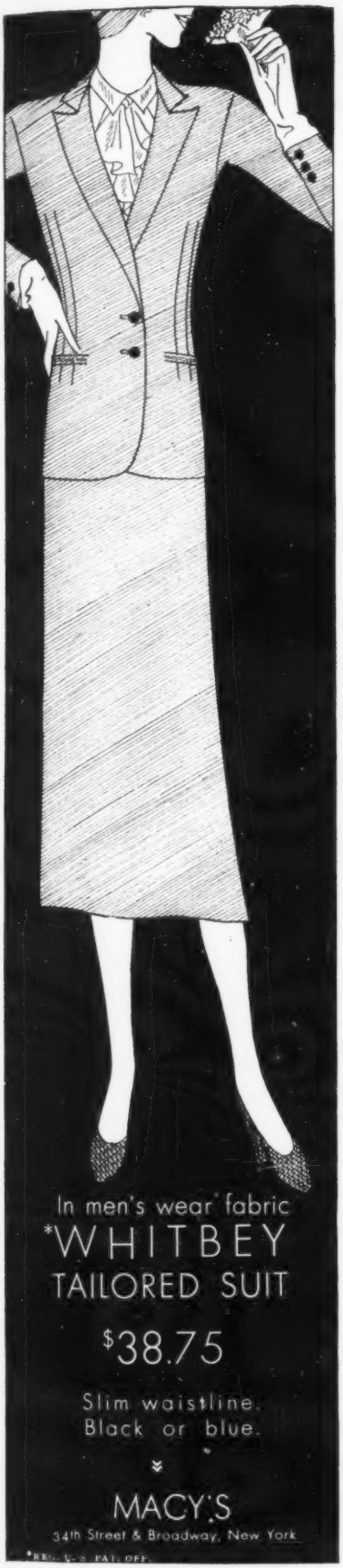


have the champagne tables and *petite scène* of the good old classic days.

A NEW international review has made its appearance in Paris. Of the last three to see the light here, two were manned by Americans—Walshe's now-extinct *This Quarter* and Jolas' still-active *transition;* the third was Ford Madox Ford's *Transatlantic Review.* The fourth, called *Échange,* and now on the stands, is also edited by a Briton, Miss Allanah Harper, and backed by Mrs. Pauline Torrey, daughter of Prince Duleep Singh, so the score is more than evened again. The names of its contributors, though not new here, are important anywhere, including as they do William Shakespeare, Virginia Woolf, D. H. Lawrence, Gertrude Stein, and Edith Sitwell, all translated into French, and new works by Tzara, Ribemont-Dessaignes, and André Gide. If full of French typographical errors, *Échange* is also full of good English meat, and thus becomes a significant staple of the diet demanded by French readers today.

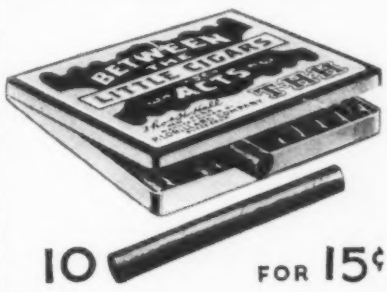
THE new Galerie de France in the Rue de l'Abbaye has just held an art exposition as full of melancholy as a first-class funeral. By exhuming the *maquettes* for the costumes and décors of the great ballet seasons and galas which were Paris' high point and high pleasure in the springs of the early nineteen-twenties, a form of theatrical life is recalled which any mourning critic admits is definitely defunct, but whose mummy, embalmed by memory, is still livelier than anything that has appeared since to take its place.

The list of artists whose sketches make up the show and bring a tear to the eye includes, among others, Bakst, Braque, Chirico, Juan Gris, Jean Victor-Hugo, Per Krogh, Marie Laurencin, Laprade, Fernand Léger, Picasso, Rouault, Steinlen, and Touchagues—masters, for the most part, whose paintings now sell for thousands of francs an inch. The spectacles for which they once made vast curtains and voluminous clothes, and whose premières were as exciting as election nights, included all of everything that was danced in the great Continental days by the Swedish and Russian Ballets, all that was played during the hectic spring nights of the galas at the Cigale, the Atelier, at the Soirées de Paris. From those brief seasons when the greatest artists of Europe were scene-

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . it's time for

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

Maybe your smoking leisure was never cut short by a swordfish. But it is torpedoed and abbreviated every day by the hustle of modern life. No time for 20 minute smokes? Smoke B. T. A'S. instead. One-tenth of a 15¢ perfecto. They multiply your smoking pleasures and divide your cigar bills.



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McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST. DEPT. NO. 75 NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PARIS SAYS!

Coats with Capes are smart

And how adorably becoming and youthful a Cape Coat is when it has a tie belt, and a slightly flaring skirt! This model at the left also includes a high-waisted, flaring skirt of Covert to match the coat and a blouse of silk to be worn, tuck-in or over the skirt. In dark blue, green or brown. Sizes 13,15,17.

Coat alone, $29.50.

Complete ensemble, $45.00.

SECOND FLOOR

WRITE TO DEPT. 75
OR TELEPHONE
VOLUNTEER 1000

painters for the brightest theatrical flush Paris has known since the operatic ball days of Gavarni, little is left except these sketches in the Galerie de France's show. What remains of the Swedish Ballet sets is in the collection of Rolf de Maré; what is left of the Russian Ballet's fabulous curtains seems unequally divided among the Count Étienne de Beaumont's salon, public auction-rooms, and theatrical storage-rooms where the mice eat what is otherwise held for debt. Two of the booths for "Petrouchka," though of considerable size, have long since been casually lost; Picasso's big bull-ring painting for "Le Tricorne" (the only theatrical décor entirely from his own hand) was recently divided into small pieces and sold for big sums. Of the greatest theatrical push Paris has known for a hundred years, nothing remains in the way of documentation but memory and *maquettes*. *Sunt lacrimae rerum.*

THE theatres have been quietly opening and closing, as is normal in the pre-Lenten season—though the five full-fledged winter hits abnormally continue as hits and will probably weather the spring. The only novelty has been Cocteau's "La Voix Humaine," at the Comédie-Française, a house which once every hundred years decides to go modern. This new one-act play is a monologue, spoken into a telephone by a woman whom the central repeatedly cuts off during the forty-minute conversation and whose lover, at the other end, breaks off, weary of the liaison. Mme. Berthe Bovy did as well as could be expected with so freakish a rôle, when she was not being interrupted by the *surréaliste* poet, Elluard (enemy of Cocteau), whose forcible ejection during the second *répétition privée* was the most dramatic moment of the performance, and simply made the afternoon for the fashionable guests. Outside of that, "La Voix Humaine" was an extremely painful, old-fashioned three-quarters of an hour. In comparison with his other writings, Cocteau remarked to his friends, he regarded it as a postal card. —GENÊT

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

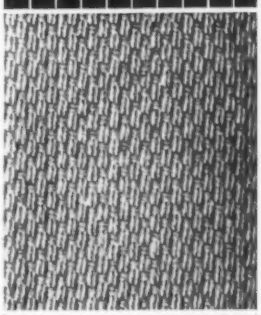
[*From the Times*]

It was more necessary to get the men out quickly than to try to bring the planes. But the two planes are stowed carefully on a hill back of Little America and it may be possible to get them at some time.

"THE AVENUE" PREPARES FOR SUMMER

Lounge of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at 9th St., "summerized" with Bozart Rugs.

SUMMER slips in upon this hurried city unexpectedly. Will you be prepared for it this year? Even now it's none too early to do your planning. ● Perhaps the surest way to *be* cool is to *look* cool, as many a hotel and home of taste has discovered. And the foundation of coolness in the home, say decorators, is the floor covering. Obviously this means Bozart Rugs, which are cool to look upon and "summery" in feel. ● Bozart Rugs are offered in a profusion of designs and colors to blend with any interior. They are woven to endure; nor are they harmed by water, and their lovely colors resist sunlight. And of course it's no discouragement to find that Bozart Rugs are economical as well as modish. Relatively they cost so little, yet, replacing temporarily your Orientals and finer domestic rugs, they confer upon your winter floor coverings immensely longer life. ● Examine Bozart Rugs at the better shops or communicate with the Bozart Corporation, 295 Fifth Avenue.



The very *newest* of fabrics!

Apart from its Rugs, Bozart offers a Fabric of many uses and woven of the same durable materials. Softly pliant, yet sturdy, it is being used charmingly as permanent upholstery, slip covers, drapes and wall coverings. Consult your decorator.

RUGS BOZART FABRICS

Delman aces in the Mode for SPRING

♥
LOIS
An Ace to win a Heart

♦
POLA
An Ace to win a Diamond

♣
CLAUDETTE
An Ace to win a King

♠
DIANE
An Ace to bring you all the honors

AUTHORIZED DELMAN AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Fashion makes your shoes important—Delman makes them exquisite! . . . with fascinating new shades to accompany your Spring costumes—delightful leathers, materials, and combinations for Street, Afternoon, Evening. Each Delman Shoe is made *entirely by hand* so that arches cling, heels stay snug and style endures for the life of the shoe.

Delman Shoe Salon
558 MADISON AVE. *bet 55 & 56 St.* · NEW YORK
WASHINGTON — PALM BEACH — MIAMI BEACH

THE WAYWARD PRESS

INTERMISSION

As if it were not hard enough to squeeze news-stories out of the Naval Conference when it was at the fever height of its activity, the whole show had to shut down completely on the correspondents and wait for France to find a premier who could stay in office long enough to make the trip from Paris to London. (The best distance was made by ex-Premier Chautemps, who got as far as Calais before being called back and told that he wasn't Premier any more.)

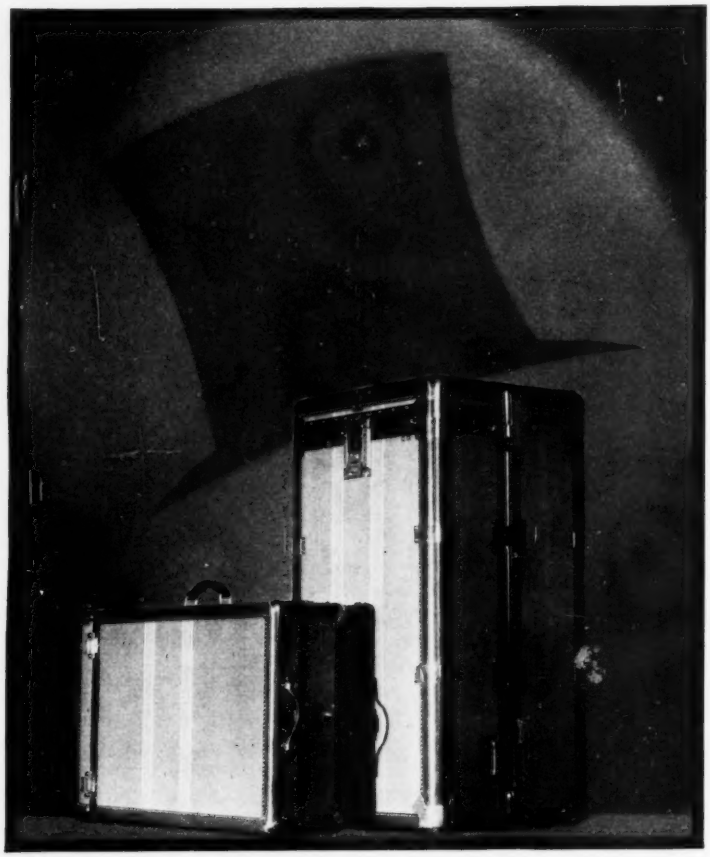
This left the gigantic press organizations in London with just a little less to do than they had previously had. They could either play badminton, go and look at the Italian art exhibition at Burlington House, or choose up sides among themselves and have a hare-and-hounds race. Many of them settled down to writing little themes for their home school papers entitled "My Vacation in England," and it is to be supposed that the young lady secretaries caught up on their horseback-riding. Even Edwin L. James of the *Times* took a little rest from the exacting duties of statesmanship.

The *Times* was the last one to give in, however. The Tardieu cabinet fell on a Monday, let us say, and the Conference adjourned on a Wednesday. Immediately Mr. Scarborough of the *Herald Tribune* saw the futility of trying to whip up any stories and went out to lunch. Mr. James and his battalion of *Times* boys, however, kept up their morale by tearing off great columns of copy for three or four days more, telling what might possibly, or might possibly not, be expected. As Mr. James himself so well put it: "Whether it might prove wise and advisable to have the five powers represented here suggest, as a separate affair, that signatories to the Kellogg pact agree to consult in case of danger to peace is regarded as quite an independent matter which might or might not be considered here or later by diplomatic methods." If you will figure that out, you will see that Mr. James has committed neither himself nor the five powers to any course of action which cannot readily be abandoned.

February 18 was the last big field day for the *Times* staff in London. Mr. James naturally concerned himself with the effect of the Tardieu collapse on the Conference, while Carlisle MacDonald covered the effect of the Conference on the Tardieu collapse. L. C. Speers handled the Japanese angle and good old Arnaldo ("Il Duce") Cortesi came through in splendid shape with a column on Italy. (And, by the way, never has a good publicity department fallen down so badly as Mussolini's during the past two months. He has allowed himself to be crowded completely out of the news by a mere Crown Prince and his bride and, previous to that, by the King, Queen, and Pope. It is easily ten weeks since the Great South Wind has got a break in the dispatches and, as for the rotogravure sections, one would think that the bride and groom were actually going to rule Italy from all the fuss that has been made over them. It will take Il Duce a good six months to make up the ground he has lost.) On the same page, Clarence L. Streit did a Number 2 story on the Japanese situation in London, not really conflicting with Mr. Speers', but not really helping it much either, and Charles A. Selden topped the sixth column off with a general outline of Great Britain's plans. Then there were several shorts by anonymous writers, and one from Washington saying that officials there "expect no London delay" as a result of the change in French ministries. This was the last time that all the boys got together in a *Times* broadside. Since then they have hardly been earning their keep at space rates. It is probably a great deal better for the cause of world peace, however, to have the correspondents idle and hanging about London than sitting at their typewriters "interpreting." Frank H. Simonds is still covering the "peace front" daily for the *Post*, so the interpreting end is being taken care of.

Mr. Simonds will be pleasantly remembered as the man who got America into the World War by his stirring editorials in the *Tribune*. He does not feel quite so strongly about this next war, but there is no telling when the old fighting spirit will flare up again, and, having made such a success of his

"Any mail for me?"
"Just a 'National Geographic.'"



WE DON'T MEAN TO BE HIGH HAT ABOUT IT

Frankly we're not the dowager type holding a dainty finger to our nose and murmuring "How terrible" at people or things we could improve upon.

But we do see occasionally a traveler with some really priceless collections of luggage antiques, and we can't help feel that their proprietors are either pie-eyed with sentiment for keeping them . . . or just haven't seen the modern good looking stuff people are traveling with.

We refer modestly to Hartmann's swanky tan canvas grain Ducord group—the best looking things you've ever laid eyes on . . . marvelously fashioned, last for years. Sizes, models and types for every whim—with sporty Regimental Striping for easy identification. Prices $35 to $225.

HARTMANN
Trunks

Saks—Fifth Avenue
Saks—34th Street
Lord & Taylor
Abercrombie & Fitch

B. Altman & Co.
A. DePinna Co.
W. W. Harrison Co.

John Wanamaker
Traveller's Luggage Shop
Gimbel Brothers

Stern Brothers
Mark Cross Co.
Sam Nathans
Abraham & Straus

last war, he may be tempted to get the boys into khaki again just for a final fling before the law is passed making editorial and special writers the first ones to be taken up in the draft.

EVERYTHING is all mixed up in this Russian Godless Week business. Starting out like another one of those Red Cross publicity drives, with every paper in town aghast at the Soviets and with bishops and cardinals and rabbis all sending telegrams like Ziegfeld, the thing has turned out to be a veritable hocus-pocus. The *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, both dedicated to the ultimate destruction of the Bolshevik régime, having run hopeful news-stories on an average of twice a year for the past ten years announcing its imminent collapse, are the least bitter of all in their handling of the present sacrilegious news, while the *American* has been having priests and rabbis shot at sunrise every day for a week. The *Times* even has placed itself in a position which not even the reddest of the red *feuilletons* have taken, by running a dispatch from Walter Duranty which suggested that the whole agitation was due to an economic fear of Russia on the part of the other nations. The *Times* was severely taken to task for this by several of the other papers, and it is not too much to say that when the day has arrived on which the New York *Times* is taken to task for publishing pro-Soviet news we may confidently expect the entire Appalachian range to get up and walk over to the ocean for a dip. And with the *American* leading all the rest in "capitalistic propaganda," the chaos is complete.

IN case this department seems unduly attentive to the little foibles of the New York *Times*, we may say that it is because the New York *Times* is the only newspaper we really give a hang about. It is the first paper that we extract from the pile in the morning and we devour it from beginning to end. Naturally we find more to comment on in the *Times* because we *read* more of

Fashion says: "Match your Silk Stockings to your face and arms."

HERE'S GREAT FASHION NEWS! NEW ONYX SILK STOCKINGS • • IN SUNPLEXION* SHADES • • CREATED BY MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Now it is a joy to obey Fashion's decree! Now you can be sure that your Silk Stockings really match your face and arms!

* * *

Onyx offers Silk Stockings — *in Sunplexion* Shades* — that match your skin as perfectly as well-chosen face powder! Silk Stockings that — except for their exquisite flattering lustre — deceive the eye with their true "outdoor" hues!

We went to Mme. Helena Rubinstein — famous beauty counselor — for the precise shades perfect for: *the Pale Blonde, the Golden Blonde, the Medium Brunette, and the Dark Brunette.* In one of these groups — every woman can find *her* tint.

For these four charming types, Mme. Rubinstein has created her Mauresque, Gypsy Tan, Ochre, and Dixie Tan face powders, and we *exactly matched* the new Onyx Silk Stockings to them!

With their true Sunplexion* Shades, Onyx Silk Stockings will flatter your "health-glow" skin; and prove perfect with *your favorite* kind of face powder!

ONYX
SILK STOCKINGS

ONYX HOSIERY, INC., 389 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

* "*Sunplexion*" — *Registration Applied For*

Just say: "*Sunplexion* Shades*", and—

If you are a Pale Blonde —
ask for Onyx-Mauresque;

If you are a Golden Blonde (or Titian) —
ask for Onyx-Gypsy Tan;

If you are a Medium Brunette —
ask for Onyx-Ochre;

If you are a Dark Brunette —
ask for Onyx-Dixie Tan.

Onyx Sunplexion* Shades are ready for your choosing, in *chiffon* and *service* weights; with small *square* French — or flattering *Pointex* — heels: $1.15 to $2.95.

*Sunplexion** Shades are exclusively Onyx! So insist upon Onyx — if you care to wear the smartest new Silk Stockings!

© ONYX, 1930.

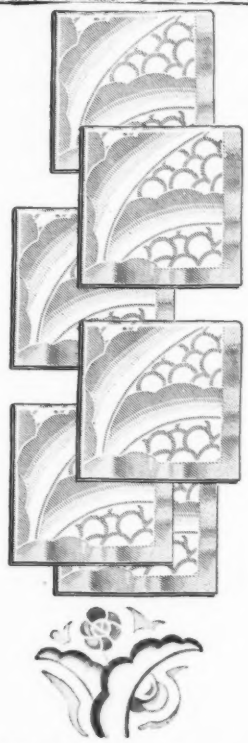
XUM

LINEN DAMASK WOVEN LOVELINESS *for the table*

As long as there is hospitality in the world, Linen Damask will hold its time-honored place as the fitting consummation of the correctly appointed table. As long as the hostess calls upon flowers and candlelight and gleaming silver to enrich the ceremonial of dining, she will summon the suave luxury of Linen Damask to give it exquisite setting. And the taste which prefers Linen Damask favors only those loomings that most opulently reveal its individual beauty. Through centuries of hereditary craftsmanship, Ireland and Scotland have loomed superlative expressions of the ultimate loveliness of Linen Damask, in subtle harmonies of design that blend faultlessly with both formal and modern schemes of table decoration. In homes where taste is the inevitable standard of gracious living, table cloths and napkins of Irish or Scottish weave are essential.

In White, or Pastel Tints
Moderately Priced

"We Dine on Linen Damask", a charming booklet on correct table settings, will be sent you on receipt of ten cents to cover mailing cost. Address The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 W. Broadway, New York.



The Spirit of Spring

Loomed in dull gold against a field of silvery white, this cloth of Linen Damask is an opulent expression of the Spirit of Spring... Against a symbolic pattern of budding things, gracefully curving iris leaves unfold to an effect of golden sunlight.. The inner field is bordered with a formalized pattern of full-blown flowers... The cloth is suited equally to conservative and to more modern schemes of decoration ...It is only one of the many new creations from Irish and Scottish looms, now offered the hostess.

LOVELY LINEN
DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
impressively correct

SEE THE NEW IRISH AND SCOTTISH WEAVES AT LEADING STORES

XUM

the *Times*. It is a very simple explanation.

And the *Times* lets itself in for more comment by doing more things which can be legitimately commented upon. The little excursions of the evening papers into sociology and pet-culture do not count, because they are really comments in themselves. The tabloids and the Hearst papers are too easy. They are what they are, and pretend to be nothing else, and to comment on them would be to comment on the whiteness of snow or the sanctity of Motherhood. But the New York *Times*, essentially and on principle unspectacular in its nature, on occasion goes out of its way to invite a genial leer from outsiders, and it is on such leers that this department is founded.

FOREMOST in the leering come those to whom the *Times*' campaign to be the first newspaper to fly over the South Pole is really very sweet. Mr. Russell Owen has spent a good year of his life down in Ittle-Bittle America trying to make it worth the *Times*' while to be known as the "Father of Pole Flying," and some of his stuff has, of necessity, been like the stuff sent back from London since the Conference ran out of gas. You can't write a story a day about a lot of men in a snow hut and make every story important, even with Frank Merriwell as the leader. Mr. Owen has had a tough job, and he has done it as well as anybody could who was as cold as he must have been.

But now that the frat house has been shifted from the ice-floe to the City of New York, the boys could almost take a rest and not feel that they have to

SHALIMAR

SHALIMAR IS A COMPLEX TRIUMPH OF THE PERFUMING ART... *a perfume so rare and individual that only Guerlain could compose it* . . . . .

THERE IS NOT, NOR HAS THERE EVER BEEN ANOTHER DYNASTY OF PERFUMERS LIKE GUERLAIN

GUERLAIN

PARIS · 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL · 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK · 578 MADISON AVE

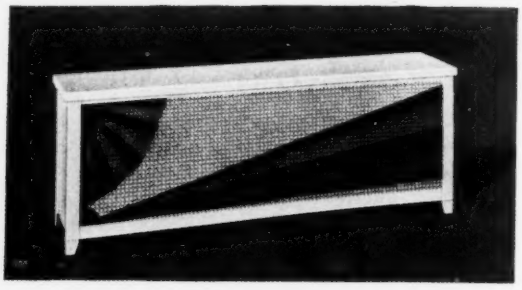
GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

GUERLAIN'S POWDER IS PERFUMED WITH SHALIMAR

GUERLAIN'S LIPSTICKS HAVE A REPUTATION INTERNATIONAL

SHALIMAR... *Twenty-five dollars*

suggestion for modernizing the radiator



form and finish are the features
of Tuttle & Bailey furniture for radiators
your ideas can be interpreted
by our handicrafters - - - -
technical design for more heat—
expert construction for life-time service,
are assured by our 83 years in heating
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TUTTLE & BAILEY MFG. CO.
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441 Lexington Ave. New York
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write—phone—or visit our
showroom at above address

write home so often. When they land there will be a great time, no doubt, just as when Fred Stone came back, and we will all join in. But it doesn't make awfully good reading right now to know that Mr. Owen has been seasick or that there was grave doubt as to whether the City of New York would reach them in time to get them out this year. The public excitement over the arrival of the City of New York was so slight as to be placeable in the right eye, especially as it was obvious that it was manufactured.

"The first ship in a year!," Mr. Owen wrote, with pardonable excitement. "Mail and touch with the world!"

Well, if this was the first time that Mr. Owen had been in touch with the world for a year, it wasn't the first time that the world had been in touch with Mr. Owen. And what does Mr. Owen think a weekly radio program is, with Mr. Ochs delivering personal greetings, and baritone solos of "The Road to Mandalay," if it isn't "touch with the world"? There has never been an expedition since exploring began which has been in such constant touch with the world, and we have over three hundred and fifty columns of newscopy to prove it. —Guy Fawkes

•

TO A BORN COOK

Heaven, to you, will be no place of rest—
How it would pall your energetic breast!
How it would chafe your most industrious soul,
Oh, gentle addict to the mixing bowl!

There would be no faint flicker of surprise
Should I, at some far time, discover you,
Bustling about the rooms of Paradise,
Your wings pinned back, your golden crown askew,

White robe tucked up around you, apron wise,
Mixing the milk and honey into pies!

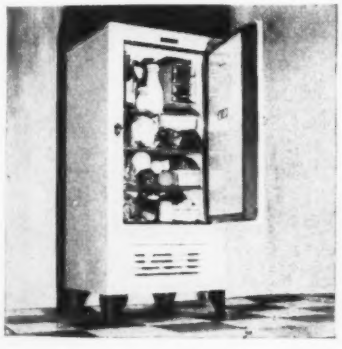
—Sara Henderson Hay

•

A monthly art exhibit is held [in the Century Club], at which the work of members is shown to the discriminating mellow members, many of whom are notable art patrons.—*The Evening Post.*

All pictures look good to a mellow member.

NOISELESS as a husband coming home at 2 a. m.



Kitchenette Model Electrolux has 4 cu. ft. of food space; makes 36 large ice cubes.

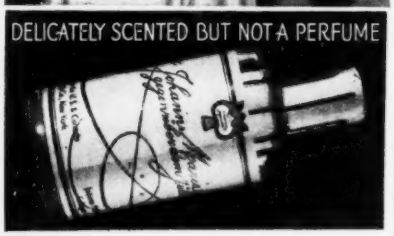
THE only trouble with Electrolux is that you can't tell your wife, "That wasn't me you heard last night—it was the refrigerator." For Electrolux, you see, can't make a sound. It has nothing to make sound; no moving parts at all. A tiny gas flame and a slight flow of water do all the work. They circulate the refrigerant, make the cold, freeze the ice. And the operating cost is only 5 to 10 cents a day. See this silent, money-saving marvel at your gas company's display rooms. Prices—$195 to $430; no higher, size for size, than other makes. Liberal purchase terms. Phone or write for complete literature. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d St., New York City. Vanderbilt 5700.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

The NECESSARY ALLY of the Bath

DELICATELY SCENTED BUT NOT A PERFUME



WHAT bath—for all its suds—frees you through the day or evening from the vexing possibility of perspiration odors?

As a stimulating and reassuring partner to the daily tub, the fastidious folk of Europe have known the immaculate surety of Farina's Red Crest Cologne for over two centuries.

And now alert New Yorkers have discovered it as a quick freshener, a tingling rub-down after the bath, a gentle astringent, a valued aid in travelling, and a widely useful toilette complement.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion
Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

HOCKEY

The Canadiens in Town —French for Hainsworth—No Upstarts

SOMEHOW it seems to us that Detroit and Pittsburgh play in the Garden oftener than any other teams. Detroit and Pittsburgh games are dull, and because we want to avoid them we pay particular attention to the dates when they are scheduled. We also pay particular attention to the dates when the Canadiens are here, but the Canadiens affect us another way: it seems as though they were never in the Garden except for a game or two at the beginning of the season, and a couple more at its end. They were here last Tuesday, and will be here again next week, so we feel compensated for the night, not long ago, when we sat drearily through a Pittsburgh-Americans game, having attended in the mistaken belief that Toronto was to play.

THE Canadiens have changed a little, but they still have color and action and speed. The French-Canadian population of New York still attends their games, and shouts strange exhortations from the side-arena. Except for Marty Burke and Burt McCaffrey—the Irishmen who have been put in to alternate with Mantha and Leduc in the defence, as a bid for the favor of that portion of Montreal's population which is not Canuck—the team is mostly French. George Hainsworth, of course, has an English name, but he has been working for the Canadiens for so long that the team's rooters invented a legend to account for his presence on an all-Canuck team. They said that his mother was a French-Canadian. It should be noted that this rumor, which is incorrect, gained currency only after repeated attempts had been made, without success, to find a goalie with a French name who could play as well as Hainsworth.

Not much upstart blood has got into the lineup. When they needed a new defence man last year, they hired Georgie Mantha, Silvio's kid brother. This year they moved him over to wing. Pete Lepine, alternating with Morenz at centre, has made a name for himself.

44 GRAMERCY PARK North

Apartments with southern exposure, overlooking exclusive Gramercy Park, where the finest traditions of this long established neighborhood are sustained.

3 to 5 rooms—larger apartments may be arranged — terraces — open fireplaces — dining galleries — modern kitchens with fans, silent refrigeration. Structural and decorative refinements seldom found even in the finest cooperatives. A rental building ready next summer.

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12 East 44th Street MURray Hill 7100

A MEROWIT BUILDING

TRAFALGAR SQUARE LONDON

IMPORTED flavours from ENGLAND-SWEDEN and FRANCE

These European flavours are identical with those flavours served abroad because they are made in the same distilleries.

HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY
Especially Distilled for the American Market. Direct from London.

GRENADINE NUYENS'
Made in France Since 1802. A Delicious Flavouring Syrup for Manifold Uses.

CALORIC PUNCH
Bacardi Flavour
From Stockholm
A Luscious Flavour Similar to Bacardi.

A Good Mixer . . . If your grocer cannot supply you, write us. "Modern and Old-fashion Cocktail Recipes", a new recipe booklet sent free on request. Address Dept. N.

B. B. DORF & CO., 350 W. 31st St., N.Y.C.

As usual, in the early part of the season, people said that Morenz was slowing up, and as usual Morenz, saving himself for the late winter months, proved that he was as fast as ever. Or not quite as fast, perhaps; he is a trifle heavier, a trifle less anxious for honors; he is not as sure of that final burst of speed that took him, in emergencies, past all opposition; but he is still the fastest centre in the game, and Joliat is still the trickiest stick-handler. The function of the rest of the team, with the exception of Lepine, who is on the way up and has already established himself as a great individual star, is to keep opposition out, and to provide opportunities for Joliat and Morenz to do their stuff.

NO team in the world has as partisan a following as the Canadiens. Its rooters will go to any amount of trouble to defend their idols; Leo Dandurand, who owns the team, will go out of his way to defend them himself on occasion. He has a partner named Joe Cattranich, an old-time lacrosse player who runs the Nationales, the lacrosse team on which most of the Canadiens work in the summer. Dandurand and Cattranich are a prosperous pair. Besides the Canadiens and the Nationales, they own a string of race tracks.

Now and then Mr. Dandurand comes to New York with some friends to watch his team play. The members of his party are thickset, swarthy sportsmen who wear expensive clothes and thick gold rings, and talk rapidly in gutturals. Mr. Dandurand is cordial to everyone he meets, but it is hard to get him to talk about the present Canadiens. He feels that the exploits of the modern team are so well-known as to need no comment from him. Like many Canadiens rooters, he is more interested in remembering the stars who played with the team in the old days —Vezina, the goalie, and Corbeau, who is now a referee, Laviolette, Lalonde, Pitre, Poulin, and Berlinquette.

—N. B., JR.

•

YOUNG couple, driven by intellectual isolation from their choice of natural environments—the South Seas—desire contact with sympathetic persons. Chief mental attainment: recognition of the relativity of appraisals—values. Chief antipathies: absolutism, dogma, religion, prudery, the fig-leaf, taboo. Box 2233, % The Nation.—*Adv. in the Nation.*

How do you feel about Scotch terriers?

SWANK—
SWANKIER—
SWANKIEST

Would you be truly smart this summer? Then wear Deauvilles, the imported featherweight sandals that smart young things have taken so entirely as their own. Coolest, most comfortable of summer footwear, they are unquestionably the most voguish as well. Have them with molded soles and Cuban heels. Or if you prefer, regular soles in Cuban or medium high heels.

Deauville Sandals owe their astonishing popularity to their crisp lines, smart leathers and enduring, comfortable fit. Hand-woven...fashioned on American lasts with narrow, clinging heels, they hold their style indefinitely. In widths AAA to C.

The original and genuine Deauville Sandals are stamped with that trademark on the soles. Sold by all good shops and department stores. For name of nearest dealer, write GOLO SLIPPER COMPANY, 129 Duane Street, New York.

DEAUVILLE SANDALS

UH-UH-UH-!

When the cold you've been supporting all winter does its daily dynamiting . . . just when you are trying to get a good smoke . . . remember that one great cigarette . . . which clears the way to old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

•

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Pioneer Woman

Pioneer women risked their beauty facing sun and dust on scorching plains—and lost it. Women today fight the same battle against the elements at Palm Beach, Placid, Antibes—but they must not lose. Defeat is unforgivable since science has given them Geranium Cream to protect their complexions under the worst conditions a climate can produce.

A bit of nightwork

Before tumbling in after a hard night's dancing, dab your fingers into the jar—smells like flowers, feels as cool and soft as a maiden's kiss. . . . Pat it on, rub it in—and sweet dreams to you. . . . In the morning, the old face is smooth and velvety—no blotches, no unevenness. . . . Keep it up and you'll get the kind of skin that tans to a charm and keeps on charming. If you've reached the age of lines and sags, these disappear little by little. (Tell mother this one; it happens to be true.)

In the morning

Pass by all other bottles and jars in favor of Geranium Cream again—as a foundation for make-up. Powder sticks but doesn't show. Your nose never lights up. You're protected against burning but not tanning. . . . And the skin-refining keeps up through the whole everlasting day, just as it does at night.

Geranium Cream costs three-fifty. Lasts 3 months—6, if you're on an allowance.

At your favorite Fifth Avenue Store

For advice on beauty problems, no one can be more helpful than Miss Nina Nastor—address Dept. N. Produits Nina, Inc. 580 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GERANIUM CREAM

PHILOLOGICAL RETORT

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER, Sirs:

IN a recent issue one of your contributors had a clever piece in which she subtly condemned the way in which British authors make their American characters talk in their books. She seemed just a little hurt about English writers' attempts at American idiom. To take two of her concrete examples, she objected to the American in one English book saying: "Kick up that other soused hobo and tread on the gas;" and elsewhere to "It must be sumpin' pretty big."

Now I don't think your contributor has quite grasped the facts. Speaking as an Englishman who has travelled extensively in your country (one week in Washington, two nights at Glen Ridge, and three weeks in New York—with material for a book) may I venture to indicate? . . . I may? . . . Thanks very much.

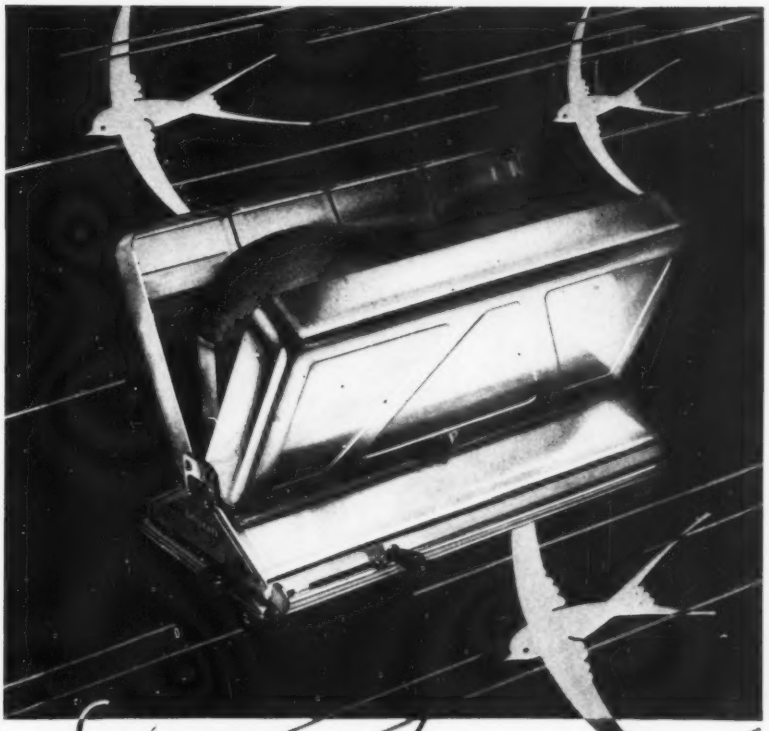
The point is this: The American characters in British fiction are not supposed to talk like Americans talk, they are supposed to talk like the British reader supposes Americans talk. If we writers were to make them talk as they really talk, our readers would hardly know they were American—which would be no fun for them at all; and they might just as well be English—which would be no fun for us. You see, in ninety per cent of our novels—that is, all the crime novels—when we introduce a crook, we cannot resist making him an American. In the first place it pleases the small but influential pro-English party in England, and in the second place the crook has greater prestige; for every Englishman knows that New York is so full of gangsters, gunmen, bootleggers, gorillas, bulls, hard-boiled yeggs, and so on, that life is just one damn shot after another, bullet, dope, or dynamite. In a word, an American crook has background.

Having got our American crook, therefore, the important thing from our point of view is not so much what he does as what he says and the way he says it. He simply *must* jerk the words out of the side of his mouth—the lower East Side, so to speak, the Riverside Drive sector being occupied by his cigar—and the words *must* be uncouth. American idiom is uncouth to our ears: therefore if we make our crook say something uncouth it is American idiom. That's logic and

your contributor can't get away from it.

OF course we sprinkle his talk with real Americanisms to give further verisimilitude, and honestly I can't see what there is to be annoyed about there. For some of these, such as "say, bo," "I guess," and "gee, stranger," we have known from our cradles are genuine American idioms—and not even the fact that such Americans as we meet don't seem to use them can shake our knowledge; while other American idioms we get by studying American books. I am excepting myself, of course; knowing your country as only a visiting Englishman can know it, I am *au fait* (French idiom this time) with all the American slang expressions. I have been given the downtown about them by a New York friend, and, believe me, I can tell when a guy is talking cold buzzard or merely pure applejack.

Now if we go to the trouble of reading American books to get our idioms, I really don't see how your correspondent can criticize. For instance, she objected to the word "sumpin'." Well, what's wrong with it? Mr. Booth Tarkington perpetually puts it in the mouth of one of his principal characters. In moments of stress he even makes it "sump'n'." Then "hobo" and "tread on the gas"! "Treading on the gas" *must* be American, because it certainly can't be English. Our gas here is kept in gasometers a hundred feet high and two or three hundred feet in diameter; and anyway electric light is coming in, even in the smaller towns. As for "hobo," that is sheer American. In England a "hobo" is a sort of—well, in a toy-shop you see them—or maybe it's a musical instrument—well, dammit, never mind. At any rate the "hobo" in England is nothing like a—that is, a—well, quite unlike whatever it is in America. (Perhaps I should



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SWIFT as the swallows of a breakfast-eager family, the Edicraft makes piping hot toast... hot-on-both-sides toast... toast browned to just the shade you like best. Put your mind on your morning paper or be absent-minded—the Edicraft minds itself. It's completely automatic. Load it... close it... set the tint-timer... and forget it! Almost before you know it, the Edicraft opens by itself—announcing that your toast is ready. And should you not be ready, it obligingly keeps toast warm. It's the swift, smart, foolproof, intelligent toaster that no one ever dreamed of having... and that you'd not dream of being without once you've seen it. Its design is tastefully modern, its operation utterly dependable. Sold at better stores. Created and manufactured by Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

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have been wiser to have kept clear of "hobo" altogether.)

"Waal" (meaning "well") is another expression with which we ring the changes on "say, bo" in leading off a sentence. We got that too from your books. Not very good books—stories of the "them thar hills" school—but still American books. So too with "you-all" and "no, suh" when we get books with southern characters in them. And "I'll tell de woild" from books about the New York underworld. And so on. So why should we be bawled out when in that tense moment in Chapter X we make our American crook jerk out through the Bowery side of his mouth: "Waal, ef thot ain't the gosh-derndest ever! Say, bo, I guess you-all kinda calc'lated you got sumpin' on me, didnya? Yes suh, I'll swan. Mebbe you forgot I'm packing a gat, so I reckon you-all is sure corralled. You mek me leff! On your way, brother, or you'll be de thoid guy I'se bumped off tonight. Yep, suh."

There's not a single British reader who can't tell that's American right away. Indeed, it's one-hundred-and-fifty-per-cent All-American.

Leave us our illusions! . . .

—A. A.

•

THE MISFIT

Within this colored cubicle,
A presence alien, I stand
Abashed before the sunken tub
Inviting me with splendor bland.

The dolphin soap, the purple towel,
The bath mat, springy as new earth
Make beautiful my cleansing rite—
Why, then, do I desire rebirth?

It is the orchidaceous tub.
My pink skin will not harmonize
With its peculiar shade of mauve—
An artist soul would sympathize.

My bathroom is a costly gem,
A perfect thing without a lack;
But O, to fit its color scheme
I should have come in buff or black!

—Persis Greely Anderson

•

NOTICE: Because the city police of Duquoin are against little bootleggers, I have the following articles for sale: jar, bottle caps, hose, bottle capper, and other furniture. Henry Wessel, 206 Walnut St.—*Duquoin (Ill.) Evening Call.*

There, there, little bootlegger, don't you cry!

BOXING

The Miami Fiasco—Campolo and Risko—Prelims for Sharkey

THE Garden's present idea is to put Sharkey in with Schmeling in June and Campolo with Carnera a little later, although the Argentine may first be given another try against Risko. Both Schmeling and Carnera, as far as we can see, are a cinch to win. Sharkey can give Schmeling a wonderful fight if he has one of his brilliant evenings, but he is too unstable temperamentally to be a safe bet. He has an unhappy faculty for fighting his opponents the way they want him to. Scott fought him on the level for a round and a half before he claimed his foul, and during that time outboxed him. If Scott had had the nerve to make a battle out of it, he might have come through better than anyone expected. Jimmie Johnston, his manager, seemed afraid to let him fight. At the end of the first round, in which Scott had crossed nicely with his right, I heard Johnston tell him to forget he had a right. "Keep the left working—it's all you want."

JOHNSTON made the rule under which his fighter was disqualified in Miami. As a testimonial of good faith which could be called in evidence later in case the bout ended, as everyone expected it would, with Scott claiming a foul, Johnston suggested the Commission instruct the referee, Lou Magnolia, that no fighter claiming a foul would be allowed to stop fighting unless, in the opinion of the referee, the low punch had paralyzed him. When Scott, with the expression of agony which he has assumed in so many fights, slid down Sharkey's legs and curled comfortably on the floor in the second round, there was no doubt at all that the punch had been low. There was serious doubt, however, about Scott's being really hurt. The punch, a left hook, had landed apparently on the Englishman's hip. A hip of ordinary construction, of course, is well below the belt—but few fighters have ever been paralyzed from being hit there.

Magnolia had to think fast. In

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presented by De Pinna —

London's best-dressed young men are wearing this double-breasted topcoat . . . The feminine version, presented by De Pinna, faithfully retains the crisp well-cut lines—the true English feeling of the original . . . *In silver grey—London's most emphasized color—navy, and brown—our own imported men's suitings. Also in navy, and brown softly-woven tweed . . . .* $75.

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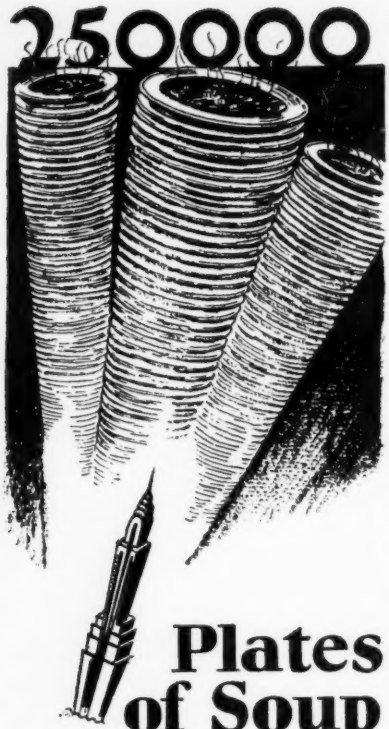

Plates of Soup

6 times Higher than the Chrysler Bldg!

Consider the Chrysler Building, tallest in the world. Then consider Zucca's Minestrone. If all the plates of this famous soup served last year at Zucca's Italian Garden were placed atop each other, they would be over six times higher than the Chrysler Building . . . what a real testimonial for the quality of Zucca's Minestrone.

Do you want to try it?—at Zucca's Italian Garden, or at home. Charles & Co., Acker, Merrill & Condit, Park & Tilford, all Gristede Stores and other leading grocers sell it.

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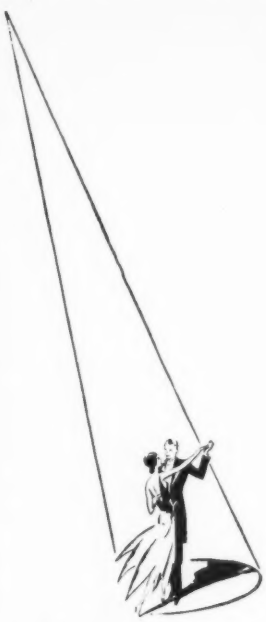
our opinion he used beautiful judgment. After ordering Sharkey to his corner, he bent over Scott, who had been picked up and put on his stool, still wearing his expression of agony. The Commission doctor got into the ring, and he and Magnolia looked at Scott. Among the huddled faces staring up through the ropes, Magnolia caught sight of one of Sharkey's handlers, who had come over to get into the argument. "Get back where you belong—I don't want you around," the referee yelled, and then began to question Scott, bending close to him and raising his voice to be heard through the noise. He asked him if he could go on, and Scott said he didn't know. "If you take a rest, do you think you can go on?" Magnolia asked, and Scott said he would try.

IN the opposite corner, Al Lacey, Sharkey's trainer, stood with the handlers on the edge of the ring, staring across with disgust and scorn. Sharkey was hysterical. His face was screwed up for crying, but for some reason he couldn't cry; a tiny, wild, pinched voice came out of his mouth as, with furious gesticulations, he insisted that the punch had not been low. Magnolia nodded at Scott, who got up and raised his arms. Sharkey met him in the middle of the ring like a madman and backed him into a neutral corner, where he landed the hard right to the stomach that ended the fight. As Scott, his expression of pain now more plausible, began to slip down the ropes, Sharkey flourished both arms at the sky. "For God's sake," he screamed, "will you stand up?" The next minute the crowd was entertained with the tableau, long a stencil of sports cartoonists, of little Johnston holding up the writhing and grimacing Champion of Great Britain. Somebody found a small white stool and they stuck it under Scott in the neutral corner. "Will you go on?" Magnolia asked. Scott shook his head. "Then I disqualify him," said the referee. "It's about time," said Johnston, apparently believing that Magnolia meant he would disqualify Sharkey. Magnolia raised Sharkey's hand, however, and the next minute the ring was full of handlers, managers, boxing commissioners, Miami cops, and sparring partners, who divided into two groups, some congratulating Sharkey and trying to calm him down, others working to lug out Scott, who insisted on acting to the



Let's DANCE

Where the scene is brilliant—where the magic of Bernie Cummins' baton releases rhythms of musical ecstasies .... where it's as fascinating to watch the spectacle as to participate .... Let's dance where the smart world dances—the gayest spot in town—the Terrace Restaurant of the Hotel New Yorker, of course.

And for those who rather eat than dance Chef Pierre Berard prepared menus of culinary delight.

Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers play nightly at dinner and supper. No couvert at dinner. $1.00 couvert after 10 P. M. except Saturdays and holidays—then $2.00.

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end his rôle of a man ethically wronged and painfully injured.

THE net result of the fight has been to remove Scott from further consideration as a heavyweight contender. To achieve this result cost the Madison Square Garden Corporation between $50,000 and $100,000. It was probably worth this much to the Corporation to get Scott out of the way. Certainly the customers could not feel cheated. The rest of the card was so good that any one of the ten-round prelims would have drawn a full house as the main event of the average fight club. Johnny Risko put on the best show of the evening. He won seven out of ten rounds, and should have had the decision hands down. There were times in the first round when it looked as though Campolo would knock him out, hitting him under the left ear in the clinches with a short right-hand punch delivered downward the way you drive a nail with a hammer. Risko found a guard for it in the second by tucking his face under Campolo's other arm and holding his right shoulder with his own left. He would throw a punch and crowd in before the Argentine could counter. The crowd was all with him. Every time he moved an arm, a long ripple of sound passed over the rows of faces sloping up by slight, almost imperceptible gradations into the darkness. The big stadium is so shallow that its walls did not throw back the noise. From the ringside it sounded as though some other crowd were cheering in another stadium a few blocks away.

Tommy Loughran put on a great fight with Pierre Charles, who hit him so hard with a right that he knocked a tooth out. Charles was tough and rangy and Loughran, though he won, couldn't hurt him. Jim Maloney's bout with Bouquillon was interesting enough until the last round, when Maloney, who had Bouquillon in bad shape, ran away from him, as though anxious to let him go the limit. If these fights proved anything it was that Loughran and Maloney have gone downhill enough since they met Sharkey to make it seem natural for them to be fighting prelims at one of his big bouts. —N. B., Jr.

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BEAVERBROOK CALLS NAVAL PARLEY DEAD; PREMIER DENIES IT—*Headline in the Times.*

Hold a mirror up to its mouth. If battleships form on the glass, it's dead.

BACKGROUND

Our ancestors moved with much skill and feeling in treating the walls of their homes, for then, as now, the background supplied a captivating foil for lovely furnishings. The wallpaper pictured in the sketch above is said to have been designed especially for the nuptuals of John Quincy Adams and his bride, and it still exerts its quaint charm in the original house. The Antiques and Interior Decorations Department of The Sun constantly chronicles the most delightful news, about the most fascinating things in the world.

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And now alert New Yorkers have discovered it as a quick freshener, a tingling rub-down after the bath, a gentle astringent, a valued aid in travelling, and a widely useful toilette complement.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

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COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

HOCKEY

The Canadiens in Town —French for Hainsworth—No Upstarts

SOMEHOW it seems to us that Detroit and Pittsburgh play in the Garden oftener than any other teams. Detroit and Pittsburgh games are dull, and because we want to avoid them we pay particular attention to the dates when they are scheduled. We also pay particular attention to the dates when the Canadiens are here, but the Canadiens affect us another way: it seems as though they were never in the Garden except for a game or two at the beginning of the season, and a couple more at its end. They were here last Tuesday, and will be here again next week, so we feel compensated for the night, not long ago, when we sat drearily through a Pittsburgh-Americans game, having attended in the mistaken belief that Toronto was to play.

THE Canadiens have changed a little, but they still have color and action and speed. The French-Canadian population of New York still attends their games, and shouts strange exhortations from the side-arena. Except for Marty Burke and Burt McCaffrey—the Irishmen who have been put in to alternate with Mantha and Leduc in the defence, as a bid for the favor of that portion of Montreal's population which is not Canuck—the team is mostly French. George Hainsworth, of course, has an English name, but he has been working for the Canadiens for so long that the team's rooters invented a legend to account for his presence on an all-Canuck team. They said that his mother was a French-Canadian. It should be noted that this rumor, which is incorrect, gained currency only after repeated attempts had been made, without success, to find a goalie with a French name who could play as well as Hainsworth.

Not much upstart blood has got into the lineup. When they needed a new defence man last year, they hired Georgie Mantha, Silvio's kid brother. This year they moved him over to wing. Pete Lepine, alternating with Morenz at centre, has made a name for himself.

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As usual, in the early part of the season, people said that Morenz was slowing up, and as usual Morenz, saving himself for the late winter months, proved that he was as fast as ever. Or not quite as fast, perhaps; he is a trifle heavier, a trifle less anxious for honors; he is not as sure of that final burst of speed that took him, in emergencies, past all opposition; but he is still the fastest centre in the game, and Joliat is still the trickiest stick-handler. The function of the rest of the team, with the exception of Lepine, who is on the way up and has already established himself as a great individual star, is to keep opposition out, and to provide opportunities for Joliat and Morenz to do their stuff.

NO team in the world has as partisan a following as the Canadiens. Its rooters will go to any amount of trouble to defend their idols; Leo Dandurand, who owns the team, will go out of his way to defend them himself on occasion. He has a partner named Joe Cattranich, an old-time lacrosse player who runs the Nationales, the lacrosse team on which most of the Canadiens work in the summer. Dandurand and Cattranich are a prosperous pair. Besides the Canadiens and the Nationales, they own a string of race tracks.

Now and then Mr. Dandurand comes to New York with some friends to watch his team play. The members of his party are thickset, swarthy sportsmen who wear expensive clothes and thick gold rings, and talk rapidly in gutturals. Mr. Dandurand is cordial to everyone he meets, but it is hard to get him to talk about the present Canadiens. He feels that the exploits of the modern team are so well-known as to need no comment from him. Like many Canadiens rooters, he is more interested in remembering the stars who played with the team in the old days —Vezina, the goalie, and Corbeau, who is now a referee, Laviolette, Lalonde, Pitre, Poulin, and Berlinquette.

—N. B., JR.

•

YOUNG couple, driven by intellectual isolation from their choice of natural environments—the South Seas—desire contact with sympathetic persons. Chief mental attainment: recognition of the relativity of appraisals—values. Chief antipathies: absolutism, dogma, religion, prudery, the fig-leaf, taboo. Box 2233, % The Nation.—*Adv. in the Nation.*

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In the morning

Pass by all other bottles and jars in favor of Geranium Cream again—as a foundation for make-up. Powder sticks but doesn't show. Your nose never lights up. You're protected against burning but not tanning. . . . And the skin-refining keeps up through the whole everlasting day, just as it does at night.

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GERANIUM CREAM

PHILOLOGICAL RETORT

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER, Sirs:

IN a recent issue one of your contributors had a clever piece in which she subtly condemned the way in which British authors make their American characters talk in their books. She seemed just a little hurt about English writers' attempts at American idiom. To take two of her concrete examples, she objected to the American in one English book saying: "Kick up that other soused hobo and tread on the gas;" and elsewhere to "It must be sumpin' pretty big."

Now I don't think your contributor has quite grasped the facts. Speaking as an Englishman who has travelled extensively in your country (one week in Washington, two nights at Glen Ridge, and three weeks in New York—with material for a book) may I venture to indicate? . . . I may? . . . Thanks very much.

The point is this: The American characters in British fiction are not supposed to talk like Americans talk, they are supposed to talk like the British reader supposes Americans talk. If we writers were to make them talk as they really talk, our readers would hardly know they were American—which would be no fun for them at all; and they might just as well be English—which would be no fun for us. You see, in ninety per cent of our novels—that is, all the crime novels—when we introduce a crook, we cannot resist making him an American. In the first place it pleases the small but influential pro-English party in England, and in the second place the crook has greater prestige; for every Englishman knows that New York is so full of gangsters, gunmen, bootleggers, gorillas, bulls, hard-boiled yeggs, and so on, that life is just one damn shot after another, bullet, dope, or dynamite. In a word, an American crook has background.

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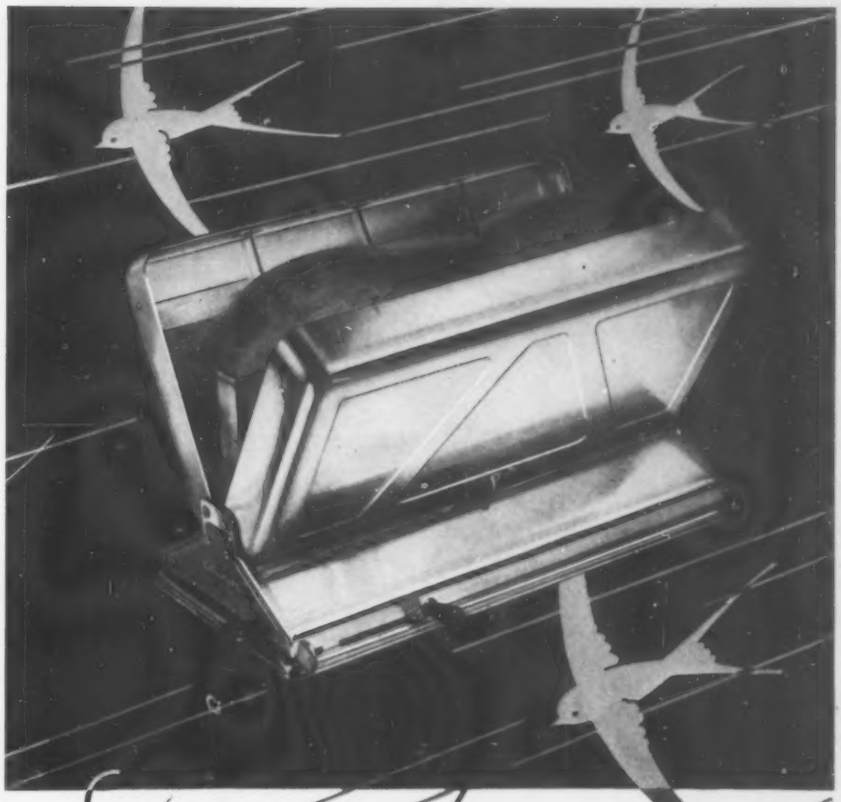
your contributor can't get away from it.

OF course we sprinkle his talk with real Americanisms to give further verisimilitude, and honestly I can't see what there is to be annoyed about there. For some of these, such as "say, bo," "I guess," and "gee, stranger," we have known from our cradles are genuine American idioms—and not even the fact that such Americans as we meet don't seem to use them can shake our knowledge; while other American idioms we get by studying American books. I am excepting myself, of course; knowing your country as only a visiting Englishman can know it, I am *au fait* (French idiom this time) with all the American slang expressions. I have been given the downtown about them by a New York friend, and, believe me, I can tell when a guy is talking cold buzzard or merely pure applejack.

Now if we go to the trouble of reading American books to get our idioms, I really don't see how your correspondent can criticize. For instance, she objected to the word "sumpin'." Well, what's wrong with it? Mr. Booth Tarkington perpetually puts it in the mouth of one of his principal characters. In moments of stress he even makes it "sump'n'." Then "hobo" and "tread on the gas"! "Treading on the gas" *must* be American, because it certainly can't be English. Our gas here is kept in gasometers a hundred feet high and two or three hundred feet in diameter; and anyway electric light is coming in, even in the smaller towns. As for "hobo," that is sheer American. In England a "hobo" is a sort of—well, in a toy-shop you see them—or maybe it's a musical instrument—well, dammit, never mind. At any rate the "hobo" in England is nothing like a—that is, a—well, quite unlike whatever it is in America. (Perhaps I should



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...THIS DOUBLE-SIDE, DOUBLE-SLICE TOASTER

SWIFT as the swallows of a breakfast-eager family, the Edicraft makes piping hot toast... hot-on-both-sides toast... toast browned to just the shade you like best. Put your mind on your morning paper or be absent-minded—the Edicraft minds itself. It's completely automatic. Load it... close it... set the tint-timer... and forget it! Almost before you know it, the Edicraft opens by itself—announcing that your toast is ready. And should you not be ready, it obligingly keeps toast warm. It's the swift, smart, foolproof, intelligent toaster that no one ever dreamed of having... and that you'd not dream of being without once you've seen it. Its design is tastefully modern, its operation utterly dependable. Sold at better stores. Created and manufactured by Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

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Thomas A. Edison

YOU HAVE TIME FOR ONE MORE SCENE

You Commuters have developed a nice sense of time—you can calculate to a second the time it takes to reach the last train home. But you probably seldom see more than three-quarters of a play! Get to it late, leave early and spend the time in between in fidgeting and clock watching. What a waste of time, when you can live in Tudor City and walk to any play in time to see the curtain rise . . . and fall. Here are apartments from 1 to 6 rooms, at rentals starting from $67. Furnished for very little more. Maid, valet and laundry service; medical nursing bureau; general stores; children's playgrounds; indoor and outdoor miniature 18-hole golf course; two restaurants and Coffee House; garage facilities; two parks and a golf school. Come over today and see this complete city within a city. Ask to see apartment 1608.

A wide choice of apartments in 11 buildings. Hotel apartments 1, 2 and 3 rooms from $67. Housekeeping apartments, 1 to 6 rooms from $77.

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have been wiser to have kept clear of "hobo" altogether.)

"Waal" (meaning "well") is another expression with which we ring the changes on "say, bo" in leading off a sentence. We got that too from your books. Not very good books—stories of the "them thar hills" school—but still American books. So too with "you-all" and "no, suh" when we get books with southern characters in them. And "I'll tell de woild" from books about the New York underworld. And so on. So why should we be bawled out when in that tense moment in Chapter X we make our American crook jerk out through the Bowery side of his mouth: "Waal, ef thot ain't the gosh-derndest ever! Say, bo, I guess you-all kinda calc'lated you got sumpin' on me, didnya? Yes suh, I'll swan. Mebbe you forgot I'm packing a gat, so I reckon you-all is sure corralled. You mek me leff! On your way, brother, or you'll be de thoid guy I'se bumped off tonight. Yep, suh."

There's not a single British reader who can't tell that's American right away. Indeed, it's one-hundred-and-fifty-per-cent All-American.

Leave us our illusions! . . .

—A. A.

•

THE MISFIT

Within this colored cubicle,
A presence alien, I stand
Abashed before the sunken tub
Inviting me with splendor bland.

The dolphin soap, the purple towel,
The bath mat, springy as new earth
Make beautiful my cleansing rite—
Why, then, do I desire rebirth?

It is the orchidaceous tub.
My pink skin will not harmonize
With its peculiar shade of mauve—
An artist soul would sympathize.

My bathroom is a costly gem,
A perfect thing without a lack;
But O, to fit its color scheme
I should have come in buff or black!

—Persis Greely Anderson

•

NOTICE: Because the city police of Duquoin are against little bootleggers, I have the following articles for sale: jar, bottle caps, hose, bottle capper, and other furniture. Henry Wessel, 206 Walnut St.—*Duquoin (Ill.) Evening Call.*

There, there, little bootlegger, don't you cry!

BOXING

The Miami Fiasco—
Campolo and Risko—
Prelims for Sharkey

THE Garden's present idea is to put Sharkey in with Schmeling in June and Campolo with Carnera a little later, although the Argentine may first be given another try against Risko. Both Schmeling and Carnera, as far as we can see, are a cinch to win. Sharkey can give Schmeling a wonderful fight if he has one of his brilliant evenings, but he is too unstable temperamentally to be a safe bet. He has an unhappy faculty for fighting his opponents the way they want him to. Scott fought him on the level for a round and a half before he claimed his foul, and during that time outboxed him. If Scott had had the nerve to make a battle out of it, he might have come through better than anyone expected. Jimmie Johnston, his manager, seemed afraid to let him fight. At the end of the first round, in which Scott had crossed nicely with his right, I heard Johnston tell him to forget he had a right. "Keep the left working—it's all you want."

JOHNSTON made the rule under which his fighter was disqualified in Miami. As a testimonial of good faith which could be called in evidence later in case the bout ended, as everyone expected it would, with Scott claiming a foul, Johnston suggested the Commission instruct the referee, Lou Magnolia, that no fighter claiming a foul would be allowed to stop fighting unless, in the opinion of the referee, the low punch had paralyzed him. When Scott, with the expression of agony which he has assumed in so many fights, slid down Sharkey's legs and curled comfortably on the floor in the second round, there was no doubt at all that the punch had been low. There was serious doubt, however, about Scott's being really hurt. The punch, a left hook, had landed apparently on the Englishman's hip. A hip of ordinary construction, of course, is well below the belt—but few fighters have ever been paralyzed from being hit there.

Magnolia had to think fast. In

THE LONDON COAT

presented by De Pinna —

London's best-dressed young men are wearing this double-breasted topcoat . . . The feminine version, presented by De Pinna, faithfully retains the crisp well-cut lines—the true English feeling of the original . . . *In silver grey—London's most emphasized color—navy, and brown—our own imported men's suitings. Also in navy, and brown softly-woven tweed . . . .* $75.

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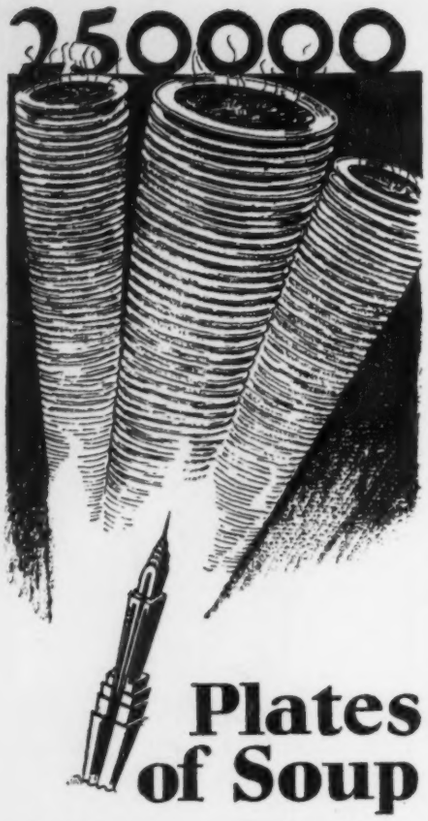
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET



Plates of Soup

6 times Higher than the Chrysler Bldg!

Consider the Chrysler Building, tallest in the world. Then consider Zucca's Minestrone. If all the plates of this famous soup served last year at Zucca's Italian Garden were placed atop each other, they would be over six times higher than the Chrysler Building . . . what a real testimonial for the quality of Zucca's Minestrone.

Do you want to try it?—at Zucca's Italian Garden, or at home. Charles & Co., Acker, Merrill & Condit, Park & Tilford, all Gristede Stores and other leading grocers sell it.

ZUCCA'S

FAMOUS MINESTRONE SOUP
ZUCCA'S ITALIAN GARDEN
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Zucca's Noodle and Spaghetti Sauce is delicious for Noodles and Spaghetti as well as Meats and Fish.
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our opinion he used beautiful judgment. After ordering Sharkey to his corner, he bent over Scott, who had been picked up and put on his stool, still wearing his expression of agony. The Commission doctor got into the ring, and he and Magnolia looked at Scott. Among the huddled faces staring up through the ropes, Magnolia caught sight of one of Sharkey's handlers, who had come over to get into the argument. "Get back where you belong—I don't want you around," the referee yelled, and then began to question Scott, bending close to him and raising his voice to be heard through the noise. He asked him if he could go on, and Scott said he didn't know. "If you take a rest, do you think you can go on?" Magnolia asked, and Scott said he would try.

IN the opposite corner, Al Lacey, Sharkey's trainer, stood with the handlers on the edge of the ring, staring across with disgust and scorn. Sharkey was hysterical. His face was screwed up for crying, but for some reason he couldn't cry; a tiny, wild, pinched voice came out of his mouth as, with furious gesticulations, he insisted that the punch had not been low. Magnolia nodded at Scott, who got up and raised his arms. Sharkey met him in the middle of the ring like a madman and backed him into a neutral corner, where he landed the hard right to the stomach that ended the fight. As Scott, his expression of pain now more plausible, began to slip down the ropes, Sharkey flourished both arms at the sky. "For God's sake," he screamed, "will you stand up?" The next minute the crowd was entertained with the tableau, long a stencil of sports cartoonists, of little Johnston holding up the writhing and grimacing Champion of Great Britain. Somebody found a small white stool and they stuck it under Scott in the neutral corner. "Will you go on?" Magnolia asked. Scott shook his head. "Then I disqualify him," said the referee. "It's about time," said Johnston, apparently believing that Magnolia meant he would disqualify Sharkey. Magnolia raised Sharkey's hand, however, and the next minute the ring was full of handlers, managers, boxing commissioners, Miami cops, and sparring partners, who divided into two groups, some congratulating Sharkey and trying to calm him down, others working to lug out Scott, who insisted on acting to the

Let's DANCE

Where the scene is brilliant—where the magic of Bernie Cummins' baton releases rhythms of musical ecstasies .... where it's as fascinating to watch the spectacle as to participate .... Let's dance where the smart world dances—the gayest spot in town—the Terrace Restaurant of the Hotel New Yorker, of course.

And for those who rather eat than dance Chef Pierre Berard prepared menus of culinary delight.

Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers play nightly at dinner and supper. No couvert at dinner. $1.00 couvert after 10 P. M. except Saturdays and holidays—then $2.00.

2500 rooms . . . all with radio, tub, shower bath, Servidor, circulating ice-water . . . four restaurants . . . room rates $3.50 a day and upward. 85% of the rooms are $5 or less. Suites $11 a day and upward.

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The Empire Tea Room is the rendezvous of those who like to be seen in smart places and have a particular fetish for good food. Why not drop in for tea or luncheon?

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end his rôle of a man ethically wronged and painfully injured.

THE net result of the fight has been to remove Scott from further consideration as a heavyweight contender. To achieve this result cost the Madison Square Garden Corporation between $50,000 and $100,000. It was probably worth this much to the Corporation to get Scott out of the way. Certainly the customers could not feel cheated. The rest of the card was so good that any one of the ten-round prelims would have drawn a full house as the main event of the average fight club. Johnny Risko put on the best show of the evening. He won seven out of ten rounds, and should have had the decision hands down. There were times in the first round when it looked as though Campolo would knock him out, hitting him under the left ear in the clinches with a short right-hand punch delivered downward the way you drive a nail with a hammer. Risko found a guard for it in the second by tucking his face under Campolo's other arm and holding his right shoulder with his own left. He would throw a punch and crowd in before the Argentine could counter. The crowd was all with him. Every time he moved an arm, a long ripple of sound passed over the rows of faces sloping up by slight, almost imperceptible gradations into the darkness. The big stadium is so shallow that its walls did not throw back the noise. From the ringside it sounded as though some other crowd were cheering in another stadium a few blocks away.

Tommy Loughran put on a great fight with Pierre Charles, who hit him so hard with a right that he knocked a tooth out. Charles was tough and rangy and Loughran, though he won, couldn't hurt him. Jim Maloney's bout with Bouquillon was interesting enough until the last round, when Maloney, who had Bouquillon in bad shape, ran away from him, as though anxious to let him go the limit. If these fights proved anything it was that Loughran and Maloney have gone downhill enough since they met Sharkey to make it seem natural for them to be fighting prelims at one of his big bouts. —N. B., Jr.

•

BEAVERBROOK CALLS NAVAL PARLEY DEAD; PREMIER DENIES IT—*Headline in the Times.*

Hold a mirror up to its mouth. If battleships form on the glass, it's dead.

BACKGROUND

Our ancestors moved with much skill and feeling in treating the walls of their homes, for then, as now, the background supplied a captivating foil for lovely furnishings. The wallpaper pictured in the sketch above is said to have been designed especially for the nuptuals of John Quincy Adams and his bride, and it still exerts its quaint charm in the original house. The Antiques and Interior Decorations Department of The Sun constantly chronicles the most delightful news, about the most fascinating things in the world.

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THE RACE TRACK

Farewell to Miami—Some New Records—Kentucky Derby Hopes

HEIGH HO, it's the end of the season again. The Miami races close this weekend with the running of the Florida Derby—I daresay Mr. Widener will change the name of the race next year—and then the Honourable George will pack his Bubble Boat, crate his three alligators, Straight, Place, and Show, and wind up the faithful motor. Caretakers will begin boarding up the cottages in Collins Avenue, the gondolas in Indian Creek will go into dry dock for the summer, and the stone frogs at the Roman Pool will cease to be background for photographers.

SO many uninitiated acquaintances envy us for the tips we get from owners and trainers, particularly trainers. Yes, we'd like to believe in Santa Claus too. Last week when Islam pulled off a 20–1 chance in the Miami Jockey Club Handicap, setting a track record, the most surprised men in the stand were Jack Hamilton, his owner, and Arthur Sutro, who had sold the colt the day before. Sutro, who took Islam from Ned McLean more than a year ago, had grown tired of buying oats and hay and paying stall rent for a horse that couldn't win a cheap race, so when Hamilton agreed to assume the responsibility, he couldn't write the bill of sale quickly enough. Hamilton ran Islam just for luck and the purse.

Horses are like that. Tom Welsh used to say, when anyone asked him about Naturalist, "He can run if he wants to, but he never takes me into his confidence."

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Phipps

Larry Waterbury

Joseph E. Widener

TRACK records were broken with such frequency at Hialeah last week, eight in seven days, that it seemed like nothing so much as a trotting meeting. Blessefield set one for one mile; his time was 1:38 in winning the Pennsylvania Railroad Handicap, for which he received a new red blanket, and was led off looking like a Pennsylvania Railroad box car. Workman, who rode him, got a new whip—an acceptable present, as Workman uses up several whips in the course of a season.

E. T. Stotesbury

John Sanford

The split-second watch is not one of my fetishes, but the performance of the well-named Rapid Transit was most remarkable, for he stepped off six furlongs in 1:10⅘, which is about as fast as horses run around turns. Just now he is the fastest horse developed this winter.

Rapid Transit, and also that much-improved filly, Pennant Lass, are trained by Bob Odom, who has done remarkably well at the Miami meeting. Bob made his brother, George, go to work a fortnight earlier than he had expected. He was playing in the Dixie Amateur golf tournament and there was no one else to saddle Marshall Field's Servitude in a race. As Servitude won, George said he might just as well give up loafing and go right on training the Marshall Field and Bob Gerry horses, and the others in the big barn at Belmont Park.

I WAS not in the least surprised to see that Harry Whitney had not taken the trouble to name either Whichone or Boojum for the Kentucky Derby, and I daresay Gifford Cochran's Flying Heels and Mrs. Vir-

Color in Gentlemen's Clothes

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JOHN DAVID
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¶Fashions for men as launched in New York are accepted as final throughout the United States. The establishments of John David present Spring Suits, Top Coats, Evening Wear, Haberdashery and Hats with that distinguished good taste which marks the thoroughpaced New Yorker.

FIFTH AVENUE
AT FORTY-THIRD STREET
BROADWAY
AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET

And Other Easily Reached Stores Throughout Greater New York

ginia Fair Vanderbilt's pair, Desert Light and Sarazen II, will be made favorites in the future betting, though I would not rush in where angels fear to tread and name a choice at this writing. Ed Bradley still says it's 5–1 that you can't name a starter. It would be a triumph for Cochran, and a most unusual event in the annals of the race, if Flying Heels were to follow in the footsteps of his sire, Flying Ebony, who won in 1926.

The Derby brings a multitude of disappointments every year, but I doubt if any owner I know was more disappointed than Mrs. Vanderbilt was over Sarazen. I happened to be in Max Hirsch's barn at Belmont Park one morning, five years ago this spring, when Mrs. Vanderbilt, Prince Olav of Norway, and George Widener came under the shed, and she ordered Sarazen led out. As the royal visitor and George Widener, who also had high Derby hopes for St. James that year, were making polite remarks about the then unbeaten son of High Time, Mrs. Vanderbilt said: "Two months from now, Prince Olav, you are going to read about that horse winning the Kentucky Derby." But Sarazen, though he was backed for a fortune in the future books, did not get to the post.

BIG BILL DWYER has acquired Keeney Park, near St. Augustine, where he will introduce the "certificate" form of betting, which is similar to the pari-mutuel. Wagering at the Miami track is done under the "envelope system." You write the name of the fancied horse—I shall not touch on how this decision is arrived at—the amount of the wager at the quoted odds, and your name, on an envelope: you enclose cash, the new notes folded once, and you hand it to a dapper young man. More often than not the transaction ends there; but should your horse win, you do not have to wait until the next day, as you do at home. You seek out the young man, tell him your name, and he hands

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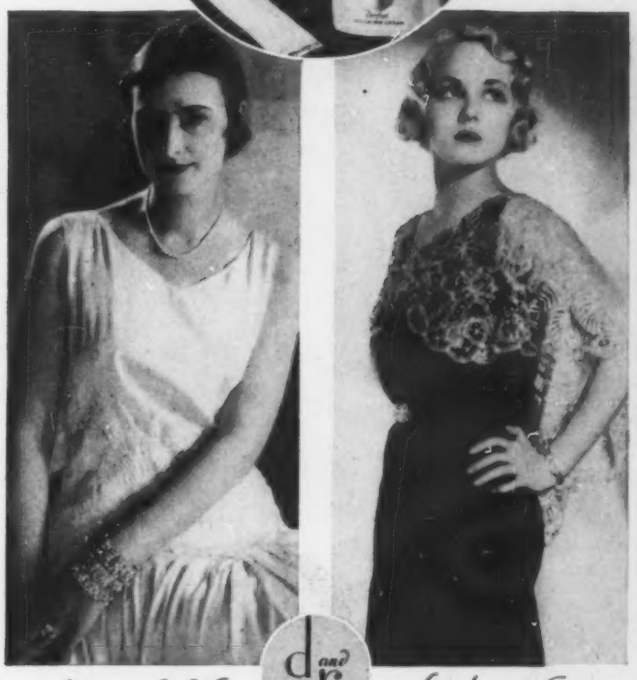
Knox hats, for your convenience, may also be found at J. P. Carey & Co., Grand Central Terminal; John W. Ryan, Inc., Pennsylvania Terminal; at all John David Stores; and at all Long's Stores.

"What Enchanting New Packages"

say FOUR Lovely Users of DAGGETT and RAMSDELL

Virginia Snyder

"I think the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages the very smartest things I've seen," says Virginia Snyder, whose beauty has been praised by many artists. "I don't know which I like better. The porcelain jars with their gleaming silvery tops and black and silver monogram done in the modern manner, or the crystal clear bottles that are as practical as they are decorative. I'm proud to have them on my dressing table."



Anita DeVries

The striking beauty of Anita DeVries commands instant admiration in smart gatherings in New York, Paris and her native England. Her husband, John DeVries, famous New York artist, is the designer of these new packages. "Certainly Daggett and Ramsdell products are worthy to be dressed in the best containers artistry can devise," says Mrs. DeVries, "for in all these forty years no finer cosmetics have ever been made."

Leila Hyams

Leila Hyams, beautiful blonde M-G-M star, says, of the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages, "How lucky for millions of users that Daggett and Ramsdell chose to celebrate their fortieth anniversary with these enchanting new containers . . . they're perfectly stunning . . . as fine as the wonderful creams and lotions that come in them . . . and best of all their price is well within the cosmetic budget of the average girl."

Faye Copeland

These new packages are already very much at home in Mrs. Copeland's modernistic pent-house overlooking Central Park in New York. "I've always loved these products," she says, "and their 1930 dress just suits them. Particularly I adore the Debutante Kit. It contains enough of the three famous creams and Vivatone for several complete facials. Send 50 cents to Daggett and Ramsdell for it. It's a bargain!"

These are the original Daggett and Ramsdell Products in new modern dress. The products themselves have in no way been changed. They are, and always have been, scientifically made of the finest and best ingredients obtainable, following the formulae that have been found to agree with the greatest number of skins.

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SPECIAL OFFER 50 CENTS

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2 Park Avenue, New York
Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit

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THE WORLD'S BEST KNOWN SHANTUNGS

This year the Smartest Frocks and Ensembles are "done" in R & T rough SILK SHANTUNGS

RAJAH YO-SAN "Regalia"

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Genuine Garments of Rajah, Yo-San and Regalia carry the silk label to identify them...

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R & T SILK SHANTUNGS

L. O. THOMPSON CO., 244 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

you back your envelope, in which you will find the amount wagered and the amount won. Considering the number of adventurers and the high cost of winter-resorting, surprisingly few of the envelopes handed in—there is no time to count the contents—contain less than the amount written on the outside.

It took a young woman to put over the cleverest fast one of the meeting. The last race had been run and everybody was in a hurry to go home. As she approached a cashier paying off, an envelope appeared on the floor. "Oh, look," she said. "You've dropped an envelope." The cashier picked it up. It was a bet of twenty dollars on the winner, who was 6–1. "Why, that's mine," said the young woman. The cashier protested. The young woman also protested, more loudly; and although there was no record of the wager, it was paid. Cashiers don't pick up envelopes any more.

More Miami Blues: George Widener, whose stable won more races than any other at the meeting, came over from Palm Beach twice to see his horses run, and not one finished in the money either afternoon. . . . John Sanford has taken up deep-sea fishing in a serious way. . . . Joseph Widener wears the only white duck trousers seen in the clubhouse. . . . John Cowdin's sunburn. . . . Lester Doctor walking back from the paddock. . . . Fred Johnson inspecting his stable. . . . Big Bill Dwyer looking for officials for his new race track. . . . George McManus asking about planes to Havana. . . . George Foster Sanford and John Hylan getting George Reed's figures. . . . Bernard Gimbel getting everyone's figures. . . . Pierre Lorillard and Judge O'Brien just looking on. . . . Lord Adare paying for being patriotic.

Well, we shall miss the Roney Plaza garden. Back to Bowie.

—Audax Minor

•

The first large "all-electric" city building is now ready for occupation. It is the new Head Office of the Commercial Union Assurance Company in Cornhill, in place of the building which collapsed in August 1927, and is one of the most remarkable structures in the world. Its construction has set up a record which not even New York could beat. Everything in the building is electrical—lighting, heating, all the motive power, office-to-office signalling, and other equipment. —*London Daily News.*

Goodness gracious sakes alive!

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

STORIES OF TODAY

I—THE GOOD FIGHT

Mayor John E. Langdon
Is redeeming
His pre-election promise
To crush gambling
In Lacrosse, Wisconsin.

He has started
The good fight
By banning
Public checker-playing.

II—STRATEGY

Simon Gelfand,
Millionaire mayonnaise king,
And his wife appeared
For an alimony hearing.
Mrs. Gelfand wore a dress
Of 1925 vintage,
And asked for an increase
Of her two-hundred-dollar weekly
allowance.
Mr. Gelfand wore a suit
Bought in 1917,
And asked for a reduction.

The older garment won.

III—DISCREPANCY

The Williamson-Wigley
Expeditions,
A corporation
Headed by Dr. Williamson,
With assets of one hundred thousand
dollars
And in the business of exhibiting
Native African cannibals,
Was investigated by the Law.

The following discrepancies
Were found.
Dr. Williamson is no doctor,
The corporation assets are twenty
dollars,
The native cannibals
Are native Harlemites.

IV—REASSURANCE

A. L. Hale, star catcher
Of the prison baseball team
At Sing Sing,
Was recently released,
To the poignant dismay
Of prison fandom.

But, fortunately,
A policeman reassured them
By signing up Hale
For a good long term,
When he caught him,
Immediately thereafter,
In a highway robbery.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

Exquisitely FEMININE

HOW happily Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery expresses the three graces of the Easter mode—delicacy of color, fineness of texture, cleverness of styling!

Humming Birds offer you many exclusive shades developed by Mlle. Julie Bolegard, our resident Paris Stylist. Through her intimate contacts with those couturiers who most greatly influence American fashions, Mlle. Bolegard's advices are authentic beyond question.

Among Humming Bird's new Spring Shades are: Solay, a rosy beige—Spring Time, a delicate pink—Nymph, a rosy cream—Sand Brown, a warmly roseate tone, and Summer Tan. By their odd subtlety of shade, Humming Bird tans, in sheer chiffon, are striking for evening wear.

Five charming styles, in stores of the better class.

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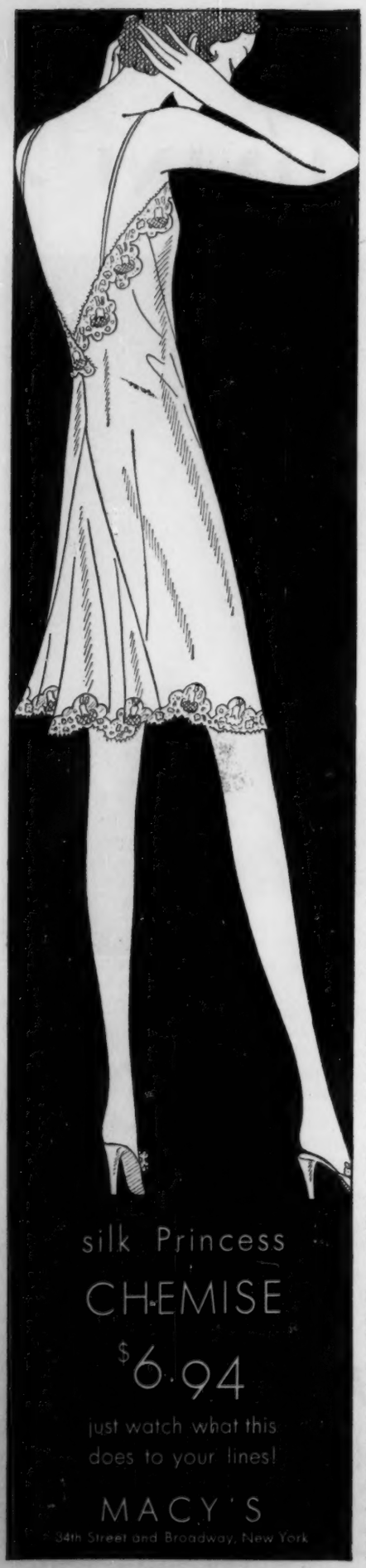

THE ART GALLERIES

The Independents in New Quarters—Relativity and the Brush—A Duel or Two

THE Independents still run their course. In the nature of things, it is time for another rebellion, and any year now we may see the heterogeneous mass split into one or two smaller groups. The no-jury system is a grand idea, but it does work harm to certain of the painters who show signs of testing higher than the general run of the exhibitors. Laymen have a way of lumping together anything the Independents do as modern, and so the fair name of modernity suffers. In the meantime, there the show is, lodged in the Grand Central Palace. Unfortunately it came too late in the week for adequate review in this issue but we look forward to another visit.

ANOTHER important show on the horizon is that of Yasuo Kuniyoshi, one of our very best Americans. He will make his appearance about the tenth of the month, at the Daniel Gallery.

The present incumbent of that emporium is Karl Knaths, whose retrospective exhibition—many of the pictures were borrowed from the Phillips Memorial Gallery of Washington—ends this Saturday.

Mr. Knaths is listed among the slow producers, and although artists are pained at being reminded of the fact, relativity plays as much a part in painting as it does in our other activities. Personally we lean toward the men who slash their paint on without so much pother about that false god, perfection. There are always other canvases, more paint, and certainly unending desire—and painting somehow begets better painting.

For some time Knaths has had difficulty with his minor motifs. His main statements have been arresting, but the backgrounds inconsequential and, more often than not, lacking in that unity which is necessary to make them an integral part of the composition. We think he has overcome most of this difficulty. The picture called "Cabbage" and the "Grapes and Bread" are rich and clear canvases that realize the artist's own conception. We have always liked the one called "Chicken Thief," and the "Peaches" is worth while even if it does show a good deal of the Cézanne heritage. After all, we don't know how one can paint in the year 1930 without showing some trace of the glorious French.

THE Irish painters are at the Hackett Galleries again, until March 8. We have often wished that the Irish would either fight with paint brushes or paint with bricks. A group as belligerent as they are might well turn from their vocal boisterousness and set some of their noble traits upon canvas for posterity. As it is, the show is about like last year's, with the poetic dreams of Æ, and the most modern painting a Manet study by Jack Yeats.

DE HAUKE & COMPANY have sponsored another young man and show him for the first time—Joubert. He seems a little strange in these days, coming so close upon the heels of the strident Mauny, who was last exhibited at de Hauke. Joubert has a workmanlike technique: drawing and water-color wash. He seems something out of the time of Whistler come to life unaware of the terrible ferment of these years. The "St. Tropez, Le Port," is a *tour de force* and stunning, and we liked the simplicity of "Tonneaux et Barques." The pictures would fit well with the taste of those who still linger in the past. Yet we'd like to see Joubert five years from now.

WE regret the defection of J. B. Neumann, who, after four years of vain endeavor for art as practiced in America, returned to such sordid matters as selling pictures by Van Gogh and Delacroix. He himself regrets this but slightly, for he believes he can work in a show now and then.

The exhibition we caught, of Levinson, has given way to Hilaire Hiler, a young man painting in Paris. We believe we saw some of his things several years ago. Since then he seems to have deepened his intent.

OF the two threatening epistles received this week, and contents noted, we were requested by the writers

to answer one and pretend we didn't receive the other. In the answerable note, Leroy Dudensing takes issue with our recent statement that in the Murai Galleries we saw the work of "men who are drifting off from other dealers." Our next two sentences mentioned John Graham and Mangravite, painters who have long been associated with the Dudensing Galleries. The Dudensings are greatly excited about the whole affair and say that the horrid impression is going around that their two artists are not satisfied with them or vice versa. They further state that we should understand "the tact of this gallery remaining unmentioned in connection with these loans."

Frankly we don't understand the tact. We think it a rather silly practice if the original sponsors of the men are so sensitive. What harm there can be in giving credit in a catalogue to the owner or dealer is beyond us. If leaving the name off gives rise to so much confusion, we think thin skins and taut nerves could best be served by full and ample credit whenever and wherever a picture is lent. So pardon the unfortunate juxtaposition of our sentences and kindly remember whenever you see Messrs. Graham and Mangravite hanging about that they are merely *visiting* and not drifting.

HERE AND THERE: The drawings Rockwell Kent made for "Moby Dick" are on view at the Weyhe Gallery until the middle of the month. . . . Natacha Carlu has her paintings and drawings at the Chambrun Galleries this week. . . . Vincent Glinsky is exhibiting his sculpture and Jacques La Grange his marines at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries. . . . Rustun Vicarji will have an exhibit at the Kleemann-Thorman Galleries beginning March 17. . . . Paintings by Berkeley Williams, Jr., are on view at the Loederer-Arkman Gallery. . . . The "Fifty Prints of the Year" show is now on at the Art Center. —M. P.

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For an exquisite example of appropriate musical suggestiveness, see Schumann, op. 15, no. 12 ("Child falling asleep"); especially the last six measures, in which the extraordinary widening out of the chord-forms suggests the distorted fancies of half-slumber, while the tired little soul floats out into oblivion upon the unresolved $\frac{9}{4}$ chord of the sub-dominant. —*From "Homophonic Forms of Musical Composition," by Percy Goetschius.*

There's no rest for a tired little soul, in this world.

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In less than a fortnight after the three exciting new red shades of Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish appeared, the hands of the smart women in Paris were flaunting vivid finger nails.

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These three new Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polishes are now at all the better toilet-goods counters. And like the 3 Cutex Liquid Polishes you already know so well—Rose, Natural, Colorless—they are wonderfully easy to apply. They flow off the brush so smoothly and evenly—never becoming thick or gummy.

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The Geo. W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York

FOREMOST OF THE PEAR ORCHARD ON BROADWAY

THE friend who never misses anything truly Oriental. The decision to make it a real Chinese evening and go some place first for chop suey. The attempt to get the bland, imperturbable waiter's opinion of China's foremost actor. The realization that the bland, imperturbable waiter has never heard of China's foremost actor. The consoling thought that there must be waiters who have never heard of John Barrymore.

The growing conviction that it is going to be just like the Irish Players when the house was empty except for you and a few very, very ardent native sons. The approach to the theatre. The number of Chinese going away. The discovery of a sign, "TICKETS FOR MEI FAN-LANG," in one of those little hole-in-the-wall windows right beside the theatre. The hardboiled gentleman with the big black cigar who comes out of the little hole-in-the-wall to demand of a bewildered Chinese how you pronounce this guy's name. The same hardboiled gentleman who asks the same bewildered Chinese where he can get some tickets.

The line at the box office. The number of people being turned away. The Chinese who say nothing. The Americans who say plenty—in such very cultured accents. The thrill you always get out of saying "The tickets were to be left in my name." The cloakroom attendant who greets each Chinese who enters with "Check your coat, Charlie" that is more a command than a suggestion. The Chinese who scurry obediently to check their coats.

The erstwhile candy and chewing-gum vendor who does an enviable business to the nasal drone of "You need the book to understand the play. You need the book to understand the play." The number of Americans who buy books. The number of Chinese who buy books. The lady who buys four extra books to put on the chairs of her box—well, because she doesn't want anyone else in it. The gentleman who remarks that this is a

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hell of a show if you have to buy a book to find out what it's all about The retort courteous from the nasal vendor who points out that you need a book to understand opera, dontcha? The gratuitous conclusion of the argument: "Well, don't blame me, buddy, I didn't write the show."

The slightly inebriated gentleman who returns with a book and interrupts the sale with "Look here, none of the plays being given tonight are explained in this book." The undisturbed merchant who retorts: "Just read up on pantamine and actin', buddy. That's what you need—pantamine and actin'." The discovery, upon reaching your seat, that the slightly inebriated gentleman was right. The further discovery, when the curtain goes up, that you don't need the book to understand the play, as a quite charming young Chinese lady explains, from the stage, each offering in excellent English.

YOUR instant capitulation to any theatre in which the actors go through the movements of getting on and off a make-believe horse. The realization that the triangle and bedroom themes are apparently standbys of the Chinese drama. The intermission. The Americans who troop out to the lobby, staring curiously at the Chinese. The Chinese who remain seated staring curiously at the Americans. The number of Chinese who chew gum. The thought that all Chinese look very much alike. The thought that, to Chinese, all Americans look very much alike. The raptures in the lobby. The gentleman who dissertates learnedly on Chinese drama. The gentleman who doesn't know a thing about Chinese drama. The rather sniffish lady who looks as though she thought all Chinese were laundrymen. The rather transcendental-looking lady who looks as though she thought all Chinese were very profound philosophers.

The first person who says "Damn clever, these Chinese." The second person. The third. The decision to strangle the next person who says "Damn clever, these Chinese."

—BERNICE BREEN

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FORWARD MARCH

The sun is warm upon my face,
Soft breezes skip about my collar,
And I know of a lovely place
Where hyacinths are just a dollar.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

DUO-SETTE

LILY OF FRANCE

The new foundation for smart Spring modes—the Duo-Sette in lovely pliant embroidered nets! Graciously curved the bust; enviably slender the waist—yet a Duo-Sette is so lightly, so invisibly boned, it's as soft in your hand as fine lingerie!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE first glimpses of the new clothes, snatched between their breathless arrival at the shops and their more breathless departure for the manufacturers, give more or less reassuring impressions: Waistlines are still normal or highish; skirts are approximately the same length from the ground, but are more even for both daytime and evening. I have not yet seen any except perfectly straight or almost straight hems for daytime, and evening clothes tend to clear the floor and not dip or trail radically. There is much, much more elaboration, though the methods of elaborating are not new ones. Boleros, bows, circular treatments, peplums, fancy collars and cuffs are still with us, but exaggerated to the point of becoming in many cases extremely fussy. This year, the difference between the society idler and the working girl in the daytime will be very definite.

ALTMAN, in the made-to-order salon, is showing a most satisfactory group of models, the following designers being represented in a nice way:

Yvonne Carette: Very dressy lunching-at-the-Casino summer suit of black chiffon printed in white big-mesh design—full circular skirt, belt, straight jacket with scarf collar in bow at front, and pink chiffon blouse printed in black in the same pattern. Couldn't be more frivolous. An evening dress, of gold-flecked red crêpe, printed in daisy pattern, has fan pleats in the skirt, and a shoulder-strap décolletage. With the jacket, which is of the same fabric and wraps tightly low about the hips, you could wear a hat. Ideal costume to motor in to a party in the country and be in perfect taste during transit and after arrival.

Chantal: Suit of a heavy crêpe marocain with a red-and-green tweed printed pattern. Straight jacket, with frogs across the front to fasten, circular skirt, red belt, and white marocain blouse. Straight lines and intricate cutting. Also a black silk coat with bolero back, concealing a simple dress in a splashy blue-and-green print.

Chéruit: Ladylike coat dress in Canton crêpe with flat metal bows coming from the V-neck down to one hip.

Du Tukine: Evening dress of white crêpe roma, perfectly simple except for lacing in brilliants from the décolletage in back downward.

Madeleine: Sunburst tucks on the skirt appear in front only below the tunic worn over it, which is buttoned across low over hips in front and descends to the hem in back. Another smart daytime dress, of black crêpe with blocks of white diagonal embroidery here and there, has a cape over one shoulder and a skirt, all circular panels, to be tied around the waist according to your fancy.

Lucille Paray: Charming spring dress of soft lingerie crêpe in monotone gray print, lots of circular tier effects. Separate cape goes to the waistline in a "V" in back and ties in a bow in front.

Worth: Charming dress for older woman, of black crêpe roma with white crêpe lining the loose cuffs and forming simple collar. Jacket to match. Lovely dress of printed chiffon for evening, close to figure and flaring a bit at the knees. Cape starts quietly at neckline in front, covers elbows, and descends to waistline in back.

NOTHING could be more hectic than Macy at this particular time of year. By dogged persistency, I managed to track down a few of the models already in, which will be all copied nice and on sale in the Little Salon by the time you read this. There is a coat from Martial et Armand, absolutely Directoire in feeling, which couldn't possibly be more chic. This has a bolero in back composed of inch-wide horizontal tucks, fastened down the centre-back and springing out from the under-arm. There are wide lapels of galliac in front; and above the elbow

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the Jay-Thorpe collection of hats in the new *fine* straws are ready—subtle in detail and trimming. Illustrated above: the brimmed baku that Agnes designed especially for Jay-Thorpe is tilted well up on one side to show a snowy white feather bow. Made on the head 40.00

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another band of galliac, put on loosely, gives the effect of a shoulder cape without its clumsiness. From the bolero down, the coat is perfectly straight. Paray has done a suit, too, in Directoire feeling. Starting from one of those oval shoulder yokes, two deep bands of the material form a shoulder-cape effect. The skirt has the two-tier treatment also; the blouse, which is all pleated frills, gives the final spring-like note. Lelong contributes a suit in the softest possible alpaca, in black with white dust-flecks on it, with a tight waistline and a definitely flaring peplum. He also does the most breath-taking evening dress of horsehair lace (the model assured me it didn't scratch at all). This has a camisole top with a fold giving a bolero effect, a peplum flaring stiffly all around, and a skirt that descends in folds almost to the floor. It is called Flavie, and is a knockout in black for those who can get away with simple and spectacular effects.—L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Venetian Panels and Manhattan Makeups—The Latest in Gewgaws

MY main objection to modern interiors in salons and shops is that you can't find the elevators, they are so handsomely disguised in the panelling. However, the salon of Kathleen Mary Quinlan, at 655 Fifth Avenue, is so well done that I overlooked the whole problem of how to get out again; and it has one especially swell idea that might be utilized in your own library—panelled walls in overlapping sections like huge Venetian blinds. They slide up to reveal toilet articles here, but might as well conceal books or a radio. The treatment rooms are simple, with lovely lighting fixtures and pale pastel colorings, and each contains the operator to whom the prevailing color is most becoming. Despite my aesthetic appreciation, however, I always remember that it is the goods that count, and had a makeup treatment. During this, I learned and relearned many things that all of us ought to practice but seldom do.

If the eyes are small and deep-set, for instance, you should apply eye-shadow (use the paste kind and leave

LET'S BE SENSIBLE

ALL women love stockings. The modern stocking is such an illusory cobweb, who could help but be ensnared by it? * But let's be sensible. These fragile wisps of beauty are expensive. Let us indulge ourselves wisely . . . *not* buy stockings by the pair haphazardly, picking them up casually here and there to fill an unforeseen need. Let us work out a stocking budget . . . plan our colors and styles . . . buy only stockings of whose texture, fit, permanency of color, and wearing qualities we are sure. * Van Raalte is as insistent about the quality of silk that goes into its stockings . . . as insistent on perfection of texture, on the integrity of the dyes that fuse the magic of its charm . . . as it is about all those details that have identified Van Raalte with style and feminine daintiness. * The name Van Raalte means assurance. Assurance that you will find precisely the right shade for every gown . . . the exact shade that shoes, gloves and other accessories dictate . . . that you will find perfect fit in the heel, the length, the foot, at the knee . . . that you will find style . . . and longevity . . . because of silk that is fresh and a texture even and fine . . . that, in short, you will find a stocking that not only fulfils every practical demand, but constantly delights you with its delicacy and beauty. * *At all good retail shops.*

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The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

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it glistening just a little) right above the lid and work it up and outward to the end of the eyebrow. This enlarges the eye. If the eyes are prominent and popping, they may be lengthened by continuing the eye-shadow outward and a bit downward. There are all kinds of tricks. For daytime, mascara should be applied with a damp instead of a wet brush, so the lashes are not artificially matted and spiky. Lips should first be painted with liquid rouge over the natural lines and allowed to dry. The lipstick should then be applied in the centre only. No matter what happens to it, or how often you feel like renewing it, the foundation remains a natural blush color. Sallow skins should have peach or pink tones in the powder. Powder should be patted in and the surplus brushed off, not slathered across the skin. The operators will show you where and how to place paste rouge on the cheeks so that it doesn't give a hard line. Remember, the rules about fat and thin faces don't apply universally—better let the experts show you. For evening, they will give you a makeup that may be girlish or startling as you choose, but does not look artificial. There is a pale green powder here that makes the skin white and translucent beyond belief under artificial lights. Naturally, you must wear it on occasions that are not likely to end up at sunrise.

FOR years and years I have been taking baths, bemoaning the chapped skin that assailed me in winter and yet resenting bath oils because too much remained on you afterwards. My mother never told me the facts of life about bathtubs; it remained for Primrose House to instruct me. The idea is to apply their Smoothskin Oil all over the body and work it in by massage before the bath. When this has been done, you leap lightly into a tub in which some of their powdered bath crystals have been poured, and proceed as usual. After drying yourself, you will find—no fooling—that your skin is noticeably softer and smoother than usual without having any oily

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REUBEN'S

As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

william gaxton:

William Gaxton

The lady in "50 Million Frenchmen" who told Wm. (Indian Guide) Gaxton she wanted to be insulted can easily have her way by ordering so-so caviar when dining out and have the waiter tell her it's as good as Reuben's genuine Beluga caviar.

genevieve tobin:

Genevieve Tobin

Miss Tobin, the delightful comedienne, who Does Something lyrically to the gentleman named above, is at Zelli's every evening tickling our risibilities with her Ft. Wayne French; and thereafter Miss Tobin, the seasoned epicure, is at Reuben's tickling her palate with such delights as filet mignon à la Rossini. What more logical sequel to a spirited Parisian evening than the continental cuisine at Reuben's?

donald ogden stewart:

To Mr Reuben - whose Chicken Rémoulade is, to my mind, a much more important invention than the electric light —

Donald Ogden Stewart

Nevertheless, the lights that spell "Rebound" at the Plymouth (and probably will all year) are not unimportant to Mr. Stewart.

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

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traces to stain your clothing. Then, you may use a light skin-freshener lotion if you choose. Your skin feels so delicious afterward that you are hard put to it not to stroke your own arm in public, which is not at all chic these days.

CORDAY has come panting forth with a new lipstick, a new compact, and a new perfume, all at once—as if a girl didn't have enough nerve strain already. The perfume, which is called L'Heure Romantique, is of the sweet variety—in fact too sweet for my taste; though, used with discretion, it would have a romantic sort of appeal for a man who likes them girlish. The lipstick is a knockout. It goes on very softly and is extremely indelible, but does not seem to crack the lips so that they peel off in large hunks. This smooth quality is a rarity among the stay-on lipsticks. The compact is in a new guise—slim, oblong, and having a silver-and-red bevelling around the edge of the black case.

UDALL & BALLOU are now showing those clip pins for hat or dress in the traditional sports-jewelry type of thing—pictures of dogs and horses and merrie hunting scenes under crystal. For active sports, and extremely effective. Also, if you want to be particularly gay, there are some really lovely pendant watches—simple square ones with a half-inch border of crystal or onyx—modern in the best sense. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Hardy and Perennial—
Substituting for Ships
—Hooked Ovals

THERE is something of defiance, almost of recklessness, in the gesture of taking up one's pen to write about artificial flowers. Invariably it starts a lot of lengthy discussion about frankness and honesty in decoration, a practice which always sends me home with gnawing pains in the neck. The spring is in my blood, though, and I *will* talk about the Decorative Plant Company, whatever.

The Decorative Plant Company, you don't need to tell me, is not news. Not to this present generation, nor to the preceding one. As far as I can find out, it has been sitting on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street since that bonny neigh-

ABOUT MY PANTS—

I never did like that suit. It had collegiate pants and I was talked into buying it. For three years I tried every known means of wearing them out.

●

Those pants have shoveled snow, oiled the car, changed tires, even stoked the furnace. Finally got a dandy grease spot all down the left leg and left them dangling from a hook in the cellar, done for.

●

Last night what should I find in the closet but those gray pants looking as if they had just come from the store. It was too much.

●

My wife came running. She thought I had a stroke. I could only point.

●

Alarmed but thinking to conciliate me with the plain unvarnished truth, she cried, "I washed them with Silk-Eze. Didn't they come out lovely? Even that ugly old spot of motor grease you got on has all gone."

●

A sudden hope struck me, only to fade before I could give it utterance. No, they had *not* shrunk. They are still "colleege" and will be with me until men's styles change to knee pants.

25¢ where you buy your hosiery

WIVES NOTE ●

Silk-Eze is finely powdered olive oil soap, specially for washing sweaters, baby woolens, silk stockings and underthings, chamois and suede washable gloves, etc. *Replenishes the natural oil* in silk and wool most soaps dry out. Shrinks nothing plain water won't shrink.

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borhood was a-w-a-a-y uptown. Every fall it fills its windows with autumn leaves, which are replaced at Christmas with firs and holly wreaths, which are replaced in spring with forsythia, and so around the circle. I have left out summer because I have forgotten what goes into the windows then, and anyway it is not important.

The important point is that behind the windows you can find anything that blooms, made up in fabrics, paper, wax, glass. None of your conventionalization; these are all good, honest reproductions, full of painstaking detail.

Right now the whole place is massed with clustering sprays of spring bloom — yellow, pink, and white—almond blossoms, forsythia, dogwood. The forsythia comes in grades, the best quality fooling you until you are almost upon it. Then there are sprays of tender, young green leaves; I think Wistaria Leaves is the name to ask for. They cost $1.50 for a big spray—very decorative in tall vases you have nothing else to do with. The forsythia starts at twenty-five cents, and works up to $1 for a three-and-one-half-foot branch.

All these are done in fabric, the medium in which they seem to be happiest here. Incidentally, you will feel better if you don't pay too much attention to the displays, which have a tendency to mass weird horticultural groups in fairly startling color effects.

MAYBE you won't believe me, but they have ivy in this place that actually looks the part. I recommend it strongly to all despairing souls who have begun to go quietly gray about the temples trying to grow ivy indoors. The Decorative Plant species grows in natural sprays of dark, waxy green leaves, tinged with red on the

THE HUDSON RIVER AT WEST POINT, from a Currier & Ives colored lithograph engraved by Bennett. Courtesy of Kennedy & Co., N. Y.

"MOST MAGNIFICENT"

said the Marquis de Chastellux

"SEEING THE HUDSON" has been for three centuries one of the "high spots" of world travel. Henry Hudson, who did it in 1609, wrote home that it was "a pleasant land to see." His adventurous voyage of discovery up the river from New York to Albany was more hazardous than a trip across the Atlantic today.

Before the days of Robert Fulton, who steamed up the river in 32 hours and back in 30—with a night spent each way at Chancellor Livingston's country seat on the river—the journey was a matter of days in a Hudson River sloop, struggling with the tides and the storms of the Highlands.

Now thousands of travelers every day have the whole magnificent panorama of the river unfolded before them in three hours from the car windows of the New York Central trains.

Every globe trotter who came to America in the 18th century or the early years of the 19th made his arrangements to see the glories of the Hudson. The bolder ones added Niagara to their itinerary—but the mighty cataract was many days westward through primeval country.

The Marquis of Chastellux, famous compatriot of LaFayette and Rochambeau, first saw the river on a visit to the Revolutionary stronghold in the Highlands at West Point. *"The most magnificent picture I have ever beheld,"* he wrote in his journal. And a short while after, when the war was over, the English traveler, Isaac Weld, wrote, *"To describe all the grand and beautiful prospects along this noble river would be an endless task."*

Mrs. Trollope, who lampooned the manners of the Americans in 1832, confessed that it was *"hardly possible to imagine anything more beautiful than the Highlands of the Hudson."*

Washington Irving, whose "Sunnyside" retreat at Irvington is seen from New York Central trains, has done more than any other American to picture the charm and mystery and romance of the valley of the Hudson. Rip Van Winkle and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow are immortal in our literature. *"I thank God,"* he said in his "Book of the Hudson," *"that I was born on the banks of the Hudson—this glorious river."*

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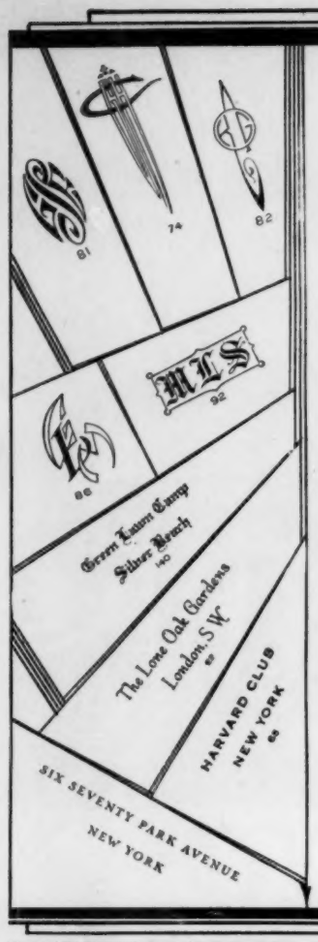

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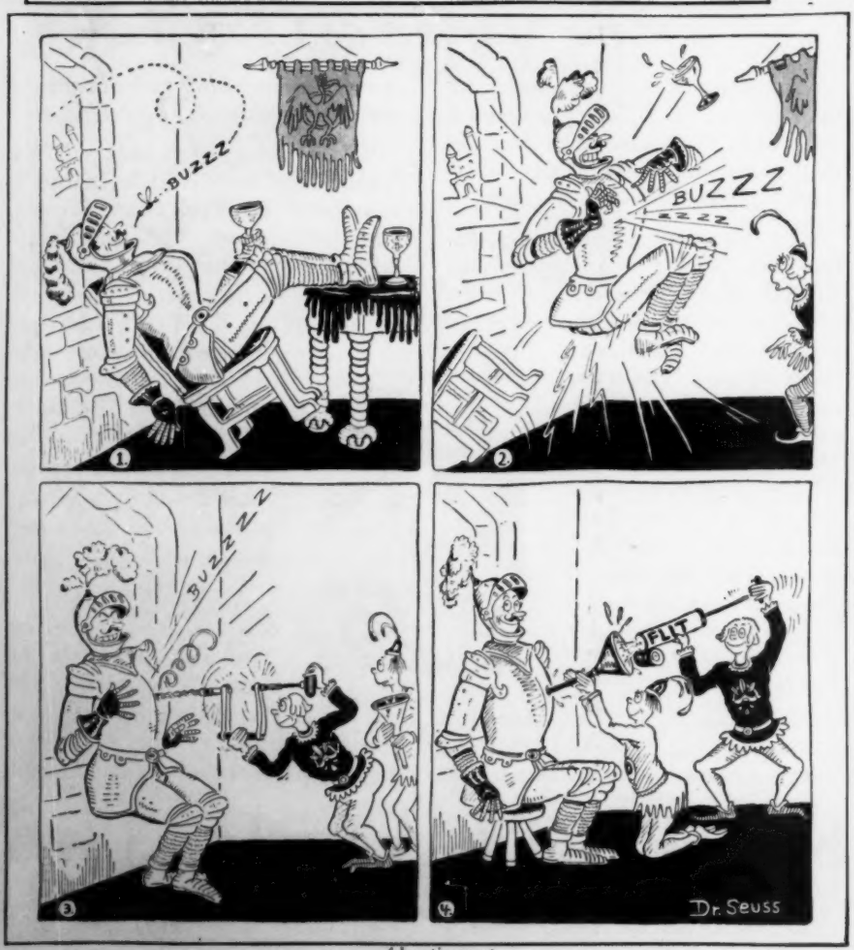


Advertisement

under side. The branches come on cards, in two sizes—two and three feet, approximately. The two-foot size is thickly clustered at the top, tapering off to tiny single leaves. The longer length goes off into side branches here and there, and can be cut in several places to make shorter sprays. The branches are perfectly flat, of course, when you get them. The trick is to bend them in the ways of actual ivy, flattening each leaf out at right angles to its own stem. The shorter spray costs $1.50; the long one is $2.25. Two cards of this latter size are ample for the average pair of overmantel wall pockets. Three will fill the three pots in that plant stand you have always thought would be such a lovely radiator screen, if only ivy—or anything—would grow so close to a radiator.

Just in case you have been thinking shyly determined thoughts about showing what you really could do in the way of entertainment if you put your mind to it, there is a collection of tropical plants here that would make a howling jungle out of any of the Public Library's reading-rooms, given the opportunity. They are really elegant, and probably pretty expensive *en masse*; but you ought to be able to collect a fair jungle-party background without going into bankruptcy.

Or they will make up good old-fashioned lilac bushes for you, growing behind picket fences, etc. The party possibilities are practically endless.

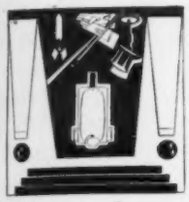
NOT so long ago, Stern got tired of ship models—as who hasn't?—and came forth with a substitute, realizing that all the ships which people were getting tired of all over the country were going to leave notable gaps in decorative schemes. The substitutes are a group of grand old stage-coach models, authentic to the last detail and full of atmosphere. The fifth-floor gift shop, which has been stepping along at a smart pace all winter, feels it has reached its climax for the season in these pieces. They really must be seen and played with—if you can stand another repetition of this old wheeze—to be appreciated.

PRACTICALLY all the best designs in modern hooked rugs at Altman can be duplicated to order in round and oval forms—in case anybody present would like to vary the monotony of a floor scattered with the usual oblongs. The word "modern,"

I might explain, is used here only as opposed to "antique." The workmanship is modern; the designs are copies of old ones, and very nice at that. Order prices go by the square foot, just as in carpeting. They don't mount up to much for the ordinary small rug. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

Movies While You Shop
—Trays and Glasses—
Mt. Rainier's Panacea



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH never failed me yet in my feverish search for something new. On my last visit, the usual business of selling equipment to sportsmen and drinkers was interrupted by a free movie which they were kind enough to give informally on the ground floor. The projector (a regular Ciné-Kodak home outfit) was set up on one of the glass showcases and the movie was thrown on a screen hung on a pillar opposite. Customers and clerks stopped swinging golf clubs and making clocks chime to look at Prince Wilhelm of Sweden shooting an African lion, or a fellow named Young having Alaskan adventures. The one I liked best was "Thrills," which showed a series of stunts like turning upside down in racing cars, or jumping in gangs from airplanes; I didn't leave until I was sure that the last parachute was safely unfurled. These films and others like them are for sale; the price is about $65 per set of two four-hundred-foot reels.

Incidentally Abercrombie & Fitch carry the Kinamo, the smallest movie camera that takes regular 16-mm. film. It measures four and three-eighths inches, by three and one-half, by two, weighs only two pounds, and is worked by pressing a button which releases a spring motor.

IN this shop the popular pilot-wheel ashtray has been made more realistic than ever: a new tray, shaped exactly like a binnacle, now has a real compass placed where a compass should be, and an electric cigarette lighter tucked in behind—idea for a yachtsman's birthday gift. Or he might prefer a more practical pewter ash-receiver, which snuffs cigarettes. It is shaped like a small jar, and is designed for airplanes, boats, motors, or any place where the

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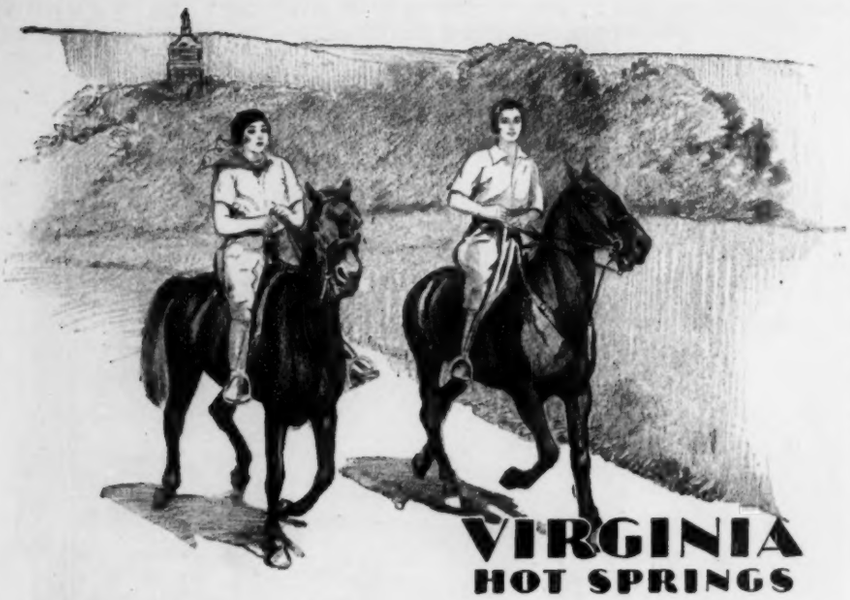

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THERE are many places where lovers of horses may ride—but where in the East is riding as enjoyable as at The Homestead? The entire countryside around Hot Springs probably is the most picturesque in all Virginia. Here you may enjoy any kind of ride your heart desires. Nowhere else will you find the diversification of trails. Not even the charm of Paris along the bridle paths of the Bois, or the lure of London from Rotten Row is attractive as the trails up in the Alleghanies from The Homestead.

Some prefer the Open Trail, others Fort Indian Trail or the George Trail and so on down the line. First you find yourself riding out in the open. Now you are in the woods. The scene is always changing—forever different. No matter how often you ride, there is something new to see. The air is wonderful. It is fresh and it carries the scent of clean pines, cedars and everything woodsey. The Homestead Trails are soft for easy riding. It is very peaceful in the sunshine, the wind touches your face and rustles away. We invite you to come!

You will also enjoy the famous Hot Springs mineral waters and the hydrotherapeutic treatments if you are feeling a bit run down. Three excellent golf courses and many tennis courts.

Upon request we will forward a booklet fully describing The Homestead. Kindly address Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

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wind makes a shallow tray a nuisance. A small bracket is attached firmly to the dashboard, the bowl screws on that, and the top is removable, which makes it easy to clean.

Then there's the Ten-Second Course and Distance Finder, for use on a navigator's chart. This is a circular celluloid disc marked like a compass. With the aid of a small spring-wound tape measure you can find your course almost immediately without the bother of using parallel rules.

For motorists, they have a new spotlight that fits on the hinge of a car door. It is small, round, chromium-plated, has a rear-view mirror on back and a magnifying lens in front, and throws a twenty-candlepower beam said to cut through fog. It costs only $10.

Among the aids to drinkers are: A pewter cocktail shaker shaped like an old-fashioned milk can. . . . Taps for whiskey bottles, like those you've seen at ships' bars—a cork with two metal tubes through it, which permit careful pouring and prevent evaporation between drinks; sixty-five cents. . . . Circular plate-glass trays for serving highballs: long wire handles come up from the centre and wire cribs for glasses are placed around the sides, making them suitable for a boat. Similar servers are made entirely of heavy plated wire. Complete with faintly colored glasses, they cost from $9.50 to $12.50. . . . Bottoms-up tumblers, in four sizes, which have hollow bottoms containing dice. . . . Crystal muddlers for breaking up sugar in Old Fashioneds; $2.50 a dozen.

THE MM IMPORTING COMPANY has a soap that is made from the unusual mineral deposit of Mt. Rainier, in Washington. It is called Rainier Natural Soap. According to the circular it is a deodorant, an antiseptic, a powerful healing agent for use on the hands, face, or in the bath; it can be used for scrubbing babies, for removing from your clothing stains caused by grease, dirt, ink, fruit, paint, and oil; it prevents and cures dandruff; and it promotes the rapid healing of cuts and burns. While I can't testify as to all its uses, because I haven't that many things the matter with me, I will say that I got a nice clean shave. —G. McC.

•

A meteorite fell among wedding guests in a Jugoslav village, and one man was keen.—*London Evening Standard.*

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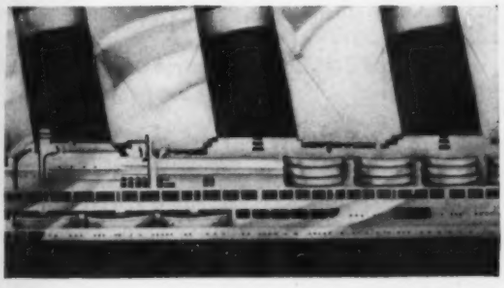

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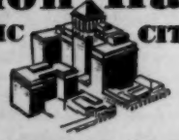

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

MUSICAL EVENTS

A New Concerto—Quarter Tones at Large—Some Dance Interpretations That Interpret

OSSIP GABRILÓWITSCH may or may not subscribe to the doctrine of numbers, but on his last program here with The Philadelphia Orchestra he offered the twelfth symphony of Haydn, the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven, the second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt, and the first piano concerto of Chasins. According to Mr. Gilman's valuable program notes, the Haydn symphony is recorded as the composer's one-hundred-and-second effort in that form in the complete catalogue. At the Metropolitan, the third "Leonore" becomes a sort of first intermezzo for "Fidelio." The second Rhapsody, in one set of orchestral transcriptions, is called the fourth. There is, however, no confusion about the Chasins piano concerto; it is his first.

AS a first piano concerto, the Chasins work is a remarkable effort, and two-thirds of it will stand up well in almost any company. The first movement is the most completely developed and the most effective. There are two charming melodies, skillfully worked out for the piano, and the orchestration, even though it be a trifle heavy (pianists usually like to make the orchestra work), is always in the mood.

The second movement is almost chamber music, concluding with a wistful trio for piano, clarinet, and 'cello. The tarantella which makes up the finale seemed too brief after the preceding sections, although it came off with a deal of brilliance.

If his scoring is not as adroit as his treatment of the piano, that is no great indictment of Mr. Chasins, because he writes for the piano more idiomatically than any other young composer of the moment. As a pianist, he proved himself to be first-rate. In fact, he played the concerto so well that it might have been composed by somebody else.

Presumably there will be a second Chasins piano concerto and perhaps more, although I doubt whether the total ever will reach Haydnesque numerals. It will be a pleasure to hear them, for this New Yorker has a great deal more than a will to compose. He has ability, and he isn't afraid to write a good tune.

HANS BARTH, one of our original exponents of the quarter-tone piano, entertained a Sunday-afternoon gathering in Carnegie Hall with a recital which involved a harpsichord (a real one, rather than the somewhat impaired piano which usually is fobbed off as an old instrument), a contemporary concert grand, and a quarter-tone piano. The last proved to be a piano with a double layer of keyboards, modestly draped in a nondescript skirt. One keyboard is tuned a quarter of a tone higher than the other, and the pianist has to leap from bank to bank to produce the music.

Four compositions, three by Mr. Barth and one by that strange genius, Charles Ives, served to demonstrate the "piano of tomorrow." The result was not at all unpleasant. The slightly off-color aura tends to soften everything, and I fancy that our moderns will be unable to go primitive on this double keyboard.

The instrument which Mr. Barth uses is not, I think, the ultimate quarter-tone apparatus. As the quarter tones are not to be found on adjacent keys, there must be many chromatic developments which are either impossible or impracticable. A single keyboard of one hundred and seventy-six keys seems faintly fantastic, and yet it probably will be created—if it has not already made its appearance.

As for quarter tones, there is no reason they should not become staples. Heaven knows we have heard plenty of them produced unintentionally in violin and song recitals, without protest.

IT was with rather curious results that

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Make your trip all you've
A right to expect so why
Grow gray before
You have to?
Maybe you'd prefer to
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the Neighborhood Playhouse mimes and dancers went into their third season of ballets adapted to the standard orchestral repertoire with the assistance of Mr. Sokoloff and the Cleveland ensemble, at Mecca Temple. In 1928 we had music by Bloch, Debussy, and Borodin treated to legitimate pictorial or terpsichorean settings. Last year, Griffes' "White Peacock" and Enesco's first Rumanian Rhapsody were handled in similar fashion, while Strauss' "Heldenleben" was drenched in philosophy. This year the music was Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne," and Janssen's "New Year's Eve in New York"—and all were endowed with metaphysical programs.

Much as I admire the achievements of the Neighborhood Playhouse and the unquestioned zeal and sincerity of its directors, I think that this business of reading significances into music isn't going to help anybody. "A Pagan Poem," one of the finest orchestral creations of our time, could easily be turned into a charming ballet, but when we get a triple altar, "symbol of three planes of existence—the physical, mental, and spiritual," and Martha Graham staring soulfully at the proscenium arch, we have had more injected into the music than it can carry. Even if symbolism could be imposed on Loeffler's score, it would have to be done in the spirit of that score, which is chiefly rhapsodic and ecstatic. The Neighborhood troupe indulged itself in ascetic gloom, unless we except the sweater and trousers which encased Daphnis, the god of pastoral poetry.

The Rabaud music also had plenty wished into it, but as the composition was inspired by Lenau's "Faust," there may have been justification for the procedure. Janssen's symphonic poem, pure and simple program stuff, with "Auld Lang Syne" and genuine jazz at obvious points, found itself married to a drab set of posturings set down as representing "not the superficial New York with its tall buildings, its rapid changing beat, but the inner spirit that makes it at once the despair of the optimist and the hope of the pessimist."

IT is possible that capable and well-trained foot-workers like those of the Neighborhood contingent are becoming ashamed of dancing merely as an art. It may be that there is an irresistible urge (that's the word, isn't it?) to be more than dancers, to be pundits. Yet all would be well if this theory could be stood on its head and

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we were to be regaled with John Dewey dancing "The Afternoon of a Faun" or Bertrand Russell stepping out in an adagio.

Inevitably all of the honors in this performance went to the orchestra and to Mr. Sokoloff, who gave the finest concert that I ever have heard from the Cleveland forces; and in "A Pagan Poem," Harold Bauer played the piano part magnificently. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

A Disc That You Can't Break — Importations — Vocal Screen Folk

THE latest stunt in records is the "Hit of the Week," which you may obtain, so it is said, at your music shop or even at the corner newsstand. The tune is chosen by a committee of eminences, including Maestro Ziegfeld, and it is recorded on Durium, a new preparation invented by a Columbia professor. Durium is indestructible, and the entrepreneurs assert that you can drop it from the Chrysler Building without injuring it. In any event, that's a good suggestion for disposing of old records. The Durium record that I have heard is "Through," handsomely played by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Music. There is no perceptible surface noise, and the tone is full and clear. So far I haven't been able to injure the record by ordinary rough usage, so when I tire of it, I'll meet you at the Chrysler Building.

FROM the alert Gramophone Shop I have the best recording so far of "What Is This Thing Called Love?," sung by Leslie Hutchinson to his own piano accompaniment. Mr. Hutchinson has built his version on a curious rhythmic device that our own recorders have overlooked, and the whole disc is immensely effective. Parlophone is the sponsor.

If you collect screen voices, you'll like Harry Richman's "Puttin' On the Ritz" and "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Chérie," waxed for Brunswick, with ingenious obbligati by the Earl Burnett Orchestra. Dennis King and Maurice Chevalier both appear on Victor lists to varying degrees of advantage, but Victor's most striking recent vocal is by the reliable Revelers—

C'mon out

to a *real* vacation, ridin' or wadin' a chucklin' brook, catchin' fightin' . Finest, fairest, free-est country on earth, with ev'rything a sportsman's desires . . . . 8000 feet up in th' cool, green Jemez floods of sunshine, purest air. A luxurious as your town club, with and private bath in every suite . . . . Food? Say, hombre, you never tasted anything better!

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Bradley Beach

"Chant of the Jungle" and "Waiting at the End of the Road."

AMONG the dance records there is an importation from the same source as the Hutchinson record—a fox trot and waltz from "Bitter Sweet," gorgeously done by Jack Hylton and his Orchestra for H. M. V. The tempi are American and the orchestral treatment is delightful. From the home industries, the following representatives are particularly worth looking up:

NAVY BLUES and HARLEM MADNESS—The Hot Air Men. Who these calorific gentlemen may be is not revealed, but they know how to produce heat without becoming entangled in their instruments. (*Columbia*)

HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN ME and CRYING FOR THE CAROLINES—Arthur Schutt and his Orchestra. This recent addition to recording bands has excellent rhythm and it doesn't bury these agreeable tunes. (*Okeh*)

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY and WHEN YOU'RE SMILING—King Oliver and his Orchestra. A little more warmth at the prevailing languid pace. (*Victor*)

LONESOME LITTLE DOLL and M-A-R-Y—Al Goodman and his Orchestra. Snappy but graceful fox trots. (*Brunswick*)

'TAIN'T NO SIN and FUNNY, DEAR, WHAT LOVE CAN DO—Ben Selvin and his Orchestra. Smooth, full-toned versions in a not too lethargic movement. (*Columbia*)

DO YA LOVE ME? (Carolina Club Orchestra) and IF I WERE KING (Smith Ballew and his Orchestra). Fox trots that catch the popular note of dreaminess without lapsing into somnolence. (*Okeh*).

KEEPIN' MYSELF FOR YOU (The High Hatters) and BLUE IS THE NIGHT (Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra). A new Youmans melody and another novelty, both played with agility and refinement by experts. (*Victor*)

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE? and MY MAN IS ON THE MAKE—Colonial Club Orchestra. Two arias from "Heads Up!," with a minimum of fussy effects, which means a maximum of dance virtue. (*Brunswick*)

—POP

•

Allan Rosenberg, younger brother of Izzy, who recently completed a trip around the world (Allan is always taking trips somewhere) met his mother in Paris on her arrival there with Joe Adler. She was somewhat surprised to see her son, and at last reports they had leased an apartment as their temporary home.—*Women's Wear.*

Paris is a great place to meet people.

•

February has been designated as "Thank You Month" in R-K-O theaters. One of the stunts will be to begin all telephone calls with "Thank You" instead of "Hello."—*Film Daily.*

That ought to work fine.

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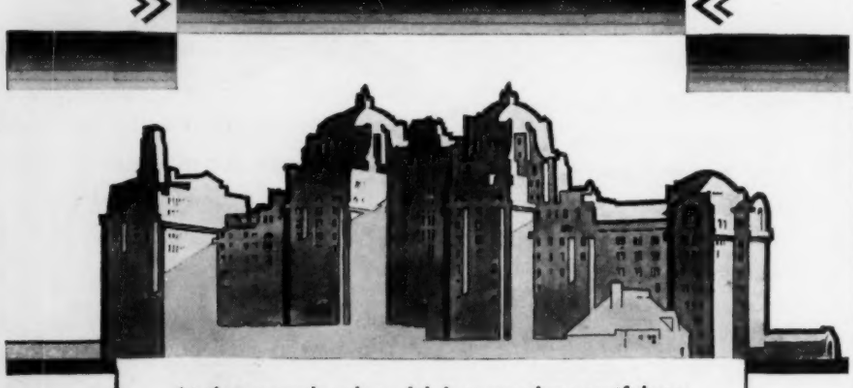

At the ocean's edge, rich in a gracious restfulness that will appeal to you the moment of arrival » » »vivid glimpses of the restless rolling sea from spacious sundecks and delightful sunny rooms, luxurious and comfortable » » » a stately and colorful foyer the largest and most beautiful of its kind in the world » » » far famed restaurants where delicious and varied foods are perfectly served » » » European and American plan.

The TRAYMORE
ATLANTIC CITY

DELPHIAN HITS GIRLS' CAGE-GAME FOES

WHAT Madam President just said is very much to the point. It hit the nail right on the head, as the men would say, and I think there probably isn't a member of Orange County Afternoon Delphian Society that doesn't agree with her.

For my part I had no practical experience with girls' basketball. At Centenary Collegiate Institute, where I went to school, we didn't have basketball when I was there. I'm quite sure they didn't. I know I didn't play, because in those days—and they weren't so long ago—in those days we didn't have many athletic sports. It's only since the war that girls have got sports-conscious. However, when *I* was in school basketball—for girls, that is—wasn't thought of.

But nowadays things are different. As Madam President pointed out—and I agree with her to the letter—even if a few misguided people are trying to have girls' basketball stopped in the high school, even if they are, I think it's our bounden duty to stick up for the girls.

I saw that petition they're getting around to have girls' basketball stopped. I was asked to sign it, just like a lot of other members. I understand they approached all the ladies of our better-class families first, thus hoping to set an example to the foreigners and make them fall in line. Well, I'll tell you frankly, although I was polite because the petition committee called at my *home*, nevertheless my blood was boiling, and if it wouldn't of been in my home and I wasn't sort of the hostess, I'd of spoken my mind.

To *think* that in *this* day and age they'd try to stop the girls from having their innocent fun! Basketball never hurt anybody. The Bonsell girl got a sprained ankle last season, that's true, but she might of got a sprained ankle anyhow, just a simple little thing like stepping off a curbstone sometimes can sprain an ankle. Why, every year football players get killed, but does that stop football? I should say not. Why, more people saw football games last year than the entire population of Peru. That's a fact which I got out of the New York *Times*. And people will continue to get accidentally killed or maimed playing football but it doesn't stop the game, so why stop basketball?

NO, I refused to sign that petition. I would of refused to sign it even

if it had been an Afternoon Delphian project, which it wasn't. It's our esteemed friends that belong to the Current Events Club that the idea came from. Current Events indeed! If they'd keep *up* with Current Events they'd know better than to try and put some Victorian ideas like that across.

What if they did stop basketball? What if they did? Just suppose that by hook or by crook they got enough of the foreign population and maybe a handful of intelligent people to sign their petition, and then were able to influence the School Board to put a stop to girls' basketball. What then? All right. You'd see what would happen. Instead of staying in the gym after school and playing a nice game of basketball, under proper supervision, where their parents knew where they were every minute of the time, instead of that our high-school girls would be where?

WELL, they might be at a certain drugstore I might name, not *very* far from our high-school doors! And what would they be doing there? Well, they *might* be having an innocent chocolate float or pineapple sundae. Oh, they *might* be doing that. But they might be having something else—and I guess everybody understands what I mean by "something else." I'm not naming the drugstore, and I'm very careful to avoid mentioning what they might have, but—well—we'll talk about *that* some other time.

Or perhaps they might be off somewhere on the Montclair road. Perhaps they'd keep on going, just visiting some Montclair friends. But there's

Two Anglers go to the Restigouche!

Word comes: "The big salmon are leaping at flies on the Restigouche."

Angler Number One, wedded to the old ways, takes the night train to Montreal . . . twiddles his thumbs for a day in French Canada . . . swings aboard a creaking train a second night and in mid forenoon arrives within two leagues of pools and "white water"—yea, verily, a martyr to rod and reel!

Angler Number Two, a disciple of the theory that the old ways are not the new ways, motors serenely to Roosevelt Field . . . climbs into his palatial IRELAND Amphibion . . . taxies to the runway on wheels of air . . . takes off in 6 seconds exactly at 11 a. m. . . . and swings northeast to the angler's land of enchantment.

About 6 p. m. he swoops down into the mirror of a Canadian bay . . . rides to the Salmon Club . . . smokes a pipe that night under a canopy of stars . . . and next morning rebounds to the z-z-z-z-z of the screaming reel . . . while his companion dozes in Montreal!

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Engine—Pratt and Whitney Wasp	425 H.P.
Length Overall	31 Feet
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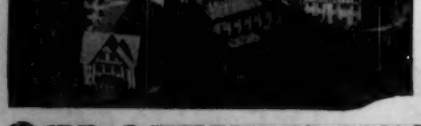

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nothing to stop them from saying to the boy they're with, "Let's stop and have a cigarette," or something like that. I saw a car that I thought I recognized parked on that road last week, and the girl in it wasn't a basketball player. I think this way; if a girl wants to make a fool of herself kissing a boy on the public highway, that's her own lookout, but it's up to us, if we have the right spirit, to see to it that she has something else to occupy her mind with.

Right now everything is nice. We have excellent supervision. Miss Wagner is very good at athletics and is a real friend with the girls. They all like her and she likes them. The girls are safe with Miss Wagner. She's careful about their health and doesn't let them overdo it. Which would you rather have: Miss Wagner or that drugstore influencing the girls? When your daughter comes home late to dinner, do you want to see her in the picture of health, or with a suspicious glow that *might* have come from pineapple soda? Would you rather have her come home telling you about the lovely game of basketball she had, and what a lot of fun it was, or being disrespectful to you and not caring about her studies? I know what my answer would be if my daughter were of high-school age. Afternoon Delphian, I am sure, is with me in standing behind basketball and will stay with it through thick and thin. Madam President, I move you we have a rising vote on that.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

MOVIE-SOCIETY EDITOR

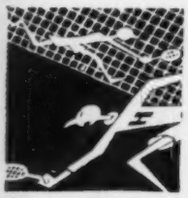
The social gadabout of Hollywood
Attends a dozen parties every week
Bearing her notebook, as a scribbler should,
Accepting tributes to her last critique,
And basking in the hospitality
Of filmdom's latest favorite, whose Scotch
And cigarettes are plentiful and free.
Time slips away. . . . The scribe ignores her watch.

A Latin lover stoops to kiss her hand,
A sudden thrill that finds her acquiescent.
"Gladys, I must be off. It's been too grand,
Have I the names of everybody present?
Good night." They watch her leave, erect and solemn,
And hope for mention in her Sunday column.

—K. C.

COURT GAMES

A Veteran and a Comeback—New Rule—The Price of a Championship



ALTHOUGH last week saw the end of one tournament and the beginning of another, by far the most dramatic game of the week took place not in one of these, but in the Metropolitan League series, when Harvard met the New York A.C.

FILLMORE HYDE faced Harry Wolf for the second time this year. Surprising even his admiring classmates among the onlookers, he defeated the youngster. In the first game Wolf won easily, at one stage running the score up from 7–3 to 13–3. He used a trick cut serve, hit the ball much harder than Hyde, and was a great deal steadier. As usual Hyde had a greater variety of strokes, but he wasn't sure of his shots. In the second game he was more careful. After the score had slowly wormed itself up to 4–all, he took nine points before his opponent could get one. Clipping the ball with clean, knife-like strokes, he returned Wolf's slams with his notorious slow ball, or with shots that trickled the ball around inaccessible corners. Occasionally he would flick his wrist, and the result would be a shot as powerful as most of Rowland Haines' wallops. At 13–4 Wolf broke the spell, and won seven points in a row in magnificent long rallies. Here he had a bit of bad luck. A shot of his being in dispute, it was decided to play it over. Hyde won, got hand-in, and took the next two points, winning 15–11.

In the deciding game Wolf took the first five points. He varied his shots more than before, at one time putting over a slow ball as canny as any of Hyde's. The score drew to 10–3 against him before Hyde managed to break through, but at no time did he seem to lose confidence in himself. Nor was this confidence misplaced; by a series of remarkable gets and thoughtful returns he worked his way up to 13–all and then won the deciding game of five, 5–3. The entire affair was a *tour de force*; Hyde merely let Wolf, who is a stronger but less shrewd player, tire himself out. Wolf ran around at

Chamber Music Concert, Bruchsal Castle

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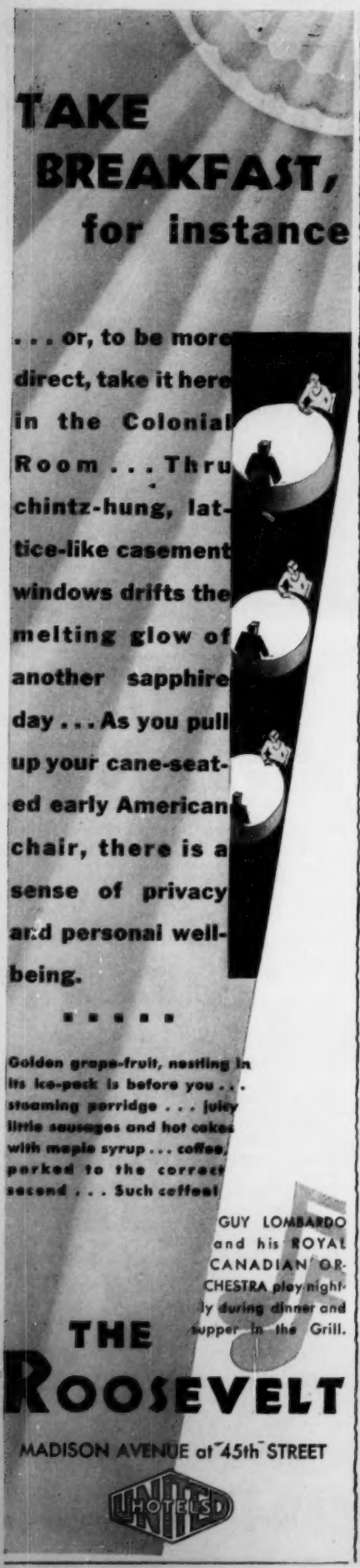
TAKE BREAKFAST, for instance
. . . or, to be more direct, take it here in the Colonial Room . . . Thru chintz-hung, lattice-like casement windows drifts the melting glow of another sapphire day . . . As you pull up your cane-seated early American chair, there is a sense of privacy and personal well-being.
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THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET
UNITED HOTELS

least twice as much as Hyde. When Hyde was beaten a few weeks ago in the Clyde Martin Memorial tournament, he was pretty unsteady. Now that he seems to have himself under control and in something like his old form, he may give squash enthusiasts the treat of the year by coming up against Rowland Haines in the National championship.

THE National tournament is going on at present at the Yale Club and has attracted a great array of stars. Besides Haines, Wolf, and Hyde, the seeded players are Dr. Mixsell, E. R. Larigan, Tom Coward, Gavin Brackenridge, and Milton Baron. The most exciting match of the opening round was between L. A. Strasser, of the City A.C., and L. H. Sonneborn, of the Yale Club. Strasser, who was responsible for one of the upsets in the recent Class B tournament, when he beat R. H. Reutter of the Columbia Club, defeated Sonneborn after five close games. He is a nimble, skillful player, but hasn't quite enough power in his strokes. Incidentally this is the first year that the preliminary matches of the Class A tournament have been based on three out of five games. Reutter didn't realize this the other day, and started to congratulate his opponent, S. Samuels, of the City A.C., after Samuels had won the first two games. As things turned out, winning the first two didn't make any difference.

THE Class B championship final, between Howell Van Gerbig, of the Fraternity Club, and Adrian Kuhn, of the Crescent A.C., was decided in three straight games. Van Gerbig, except for occasional lapses, was more careful than Kuhn, and he hit the ball a great deal harder. In fact he hit it so hard that he smashed three racquets, which, however, is a small price to pay for a championship. In the third game he won applause from the gallery when, with the score 9–3 against him, he took the next twelve points to Kuhn's one. This run can, of course, be explained by the prosaic fact that Van Gerbig first drew Kuhn up to the front wall by tremendous smashes and then sent him scuttling back by slow balls along the side wall until he didn't know where he was, but an intangible, a psychological element has to be taken into account as well. Winning streaks in squash seem to be more capricious than in almost any other game.—G. T. H.

wet or dry,

cinemas often are the same way . . . but never those exciting thrilling talkies

at the criterion

where's there's paramount's "vagabond king" whose name is dennis . . . singing friml lustily and making love with even greater gusto . . . and opus— see it.

at the rivoli— united artists

paramount's "love parade" may be viewed at popular prices, with maurice chevalier, france's greatest gift to america's women, not forgetting the statue of liberty.

at the rialto

where there's fannie brice in "be yourself" . . . which should be easy for she who is just a rose of washington square . . . a united artists picture.

the paramounts new york—brooklyn

where there's "only the brave" . . . no reflection on these temples . . . this is a paramount picture with gary cooper and the civil war. hear generals grant and lee talk for the first time. on the stage at brooklyn . . balieff's "chauve souris" abridged.

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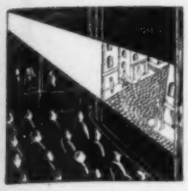
publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

That Reform Wave—Marriage by Mail—And More Covered Wagons



"IT leaves an unpleasant taste" isn't really such a pretty expression, but it is quite commonly used, generally in reference to tales which end on a tragic note. For my part I am more inclined to apply it to those narratives about thieves who see a great light at the critical moment, are overcome with a pure love, and renounce their nefarious schemings. It is hard to recall even the good details of such a story.

All of which little diatribe is inspired by "Slightly Scarlet," which appeared first in town at the Paramount.

"SLIGHTLY SCARLET" is not such a momentous picture as to deserve much serious speculation anyhow, but it shows promise during its early phases of being a good straight thriller, until the pure-love theme throws a damper on its plot. There are two high-class thieves with but a single thought, that thought being the maharajah's necklace recently bought by some rich Americans. Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook, as the predatory plotters, then make their separate ways to the villa in Nice where the American family lives, and manage to pick up an acquaintance with them. Miss Brent's plaint that she can find no home in Nice, and may even be driven to the dire extremity of moving on to Antibes, excites an invitation to stop with the Americans. Mr. Brook takes the next-door villa; and there they all are, with the necklace snug in the safe, and the Americans easy and innocent and flattered by these charming friends. There is promise of excitement then, but all is thrown helter-skelter by the blooming in the criminals' hearts of another thought, and its concomitant desire for a respectable and honest married state. No hint is given, of course, of how the pair are going to afford their luxurious ways of living without recourse to the only trade they seem to know: safe-breaking.

NOW on the other hand, no one is more sentimentally delighted

"You little witch: how you tempt me."

"How?"

"It's your skin . . . so clean-looking . . . Your precious little nose is never shiny . . ."

"I know . . . I know . . . old darling. It isn't romance . . . it's Pond's Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener."

A tempting skin *is* romance! And you can achieve it; because a lovely skin is a clean skin—cleansed thoroughly of cream, dirt and oiliness before make-up is applied.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft and white as snowflakes, *lift* the cream and dirt from your skin. Pond's Skin Freshener, fragrant refreshing tonic, takes away that oily look after cold cream cleansing.

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Now, you *tear a perforated strip* off the charmingly designed *new* box and draw out the Tissues, *two at a time*. This new ingenious box, which fits neatly into your dressing table drawer and on the bathroom shelf, costs no more than the old—50¢ and 25¢.

And, to go with the new Tissue box, we designed a distinctive, modernistic bottle for the Freshener. It adds chic to your dressing table and takes nothing extra from your purse!—$1.00—50¢.

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With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore

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than I with a cheery conclusion which is justified by the situation and the characters, and I am pleased and relieved that Lena, in "A Lady to Love," is to remain as the chatelaine of Tony's bungalow, where I felt all along she belonged. It seemed to me plausible throughout the story that she would do just that and recover from her passion on the side for Buck, an impression probably made convincing by E. G. Robinson's eloquent performance as Tony, the Italian vintner who gets a bride by mail. I did not see Sydney Howard's play, "They Knew What They Wanted," from which this movie was adapted, but I suspect that something of its original force is gone.

Not all, however. It's an interesting straight picture, and Vilma Banky is good, though far too handsome for the rôle of a waitress who would marry by such means. Robert Ames, as young Buck, is sufficiently casual about it all to be a likely type.

AT Warner Brothers' Theatre is another musical show, in color, of the West, with John Boles, Vivienne Segal, covered wagons, and, toward the end, a pleasant view of San Francisco in 1849. The whole thing is somewhat routine and a bit on the dull side, except for an absurd song: "The Bride Was Dressed in White."

Another musical show is "Let's Go Places," with far too much merely noisy humor and a sad lack of talent. In fact the lighter moments of this rather dim week in the cinema world are not as diverting as the grave ones.

THERE are two more sober bits to consider: "Undertow" is about a lighthouse-keeper who goes blind for a while—to the chagrin of his wife, who is finding the life in the lighthouse bad enough and lonely enough as it is without this added grievance. There is another man, a villain, and the story shapes up into the triangle affair with a scrap at the end for a bracer. I thought it a little better than the English movie, "Dark Red Roses," at the Cameo. Those English film people love stills of gardens and bird life, and of course in this case there were plenty of chances to give us leisurely studies of clusters of roses. There's a moment of horror in the story when the jealous husband, a sculptor, threatens a dire revenge upon the young man, a 'cellist, whom his wife appears to favor. Like "Slightly Scarlet," though, this movie turns out to be hardly even a slight pink.

—J. C. M.

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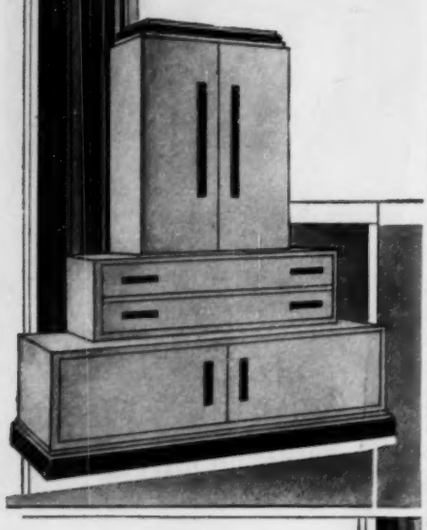

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INDOOR POLO

Referees and Super-Riding-Off—Kinny, of the First Champions

THERE has been something of a search to find referees for the National championships, which start on their way March 22. It ended with the selection of Gilbert Wilson, Carl Volker, and Captain Harry Holmes, all under the general direction of Archer Kinny, who is to be a sort of referee-at-large.

Referees are hard to find, either for indoor or outdoor polo. Only the baseball umpire has fewer friends than the referee of a polo match, despite the supposedly calmer natures of polo players. The men in the game, and all of the club members who are watching, have ideas on refereeing which are imparted with eloquence to the gentleman in charge. As a result, the majority of referees like "running" games, in which nothing is a foul unless it draws blood. What follows is often hair-raising. Among other quaint sights witnessed this year has been that of a player zigzagging down the entire length of the ring in front of an opponent, with no foul called; and repeated hacking instead of real and legal mallet hooking.

The most common practice of all, however, is a play which has been seen before, but which has reached its full flower this season. This might be called "super-riding-off," except that it is far removed from what riding-off meant when it was first introduced. With this new system, when you arrive first at the ball, you throw your pony across it in the path of an opposing player. Then, when he is bouncing rather wildly about after the ensuing bump, you arrange your shot at your leisure.

IT quite often follows that games are won by the rougher team mainly because it is the rougher team. With the speed of ponies increasing steadily as cleaner-bred ones are brought into action, a good deal of the play this year has consisted largely of wild slugging. Precise, stylized stroke-makers like the elder Earle Hopping and Dr. John Richards haven't much chance when they or their team-mates are blotted out by what often ap-

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pears more like assault than riding-off.

It does seem there might be more fun, and certainly there would be more peace, with stricter refereeing. However, possibly the players don't want it, and it's their game.

IN the recent adjusted handicaps the drop of Archer W. Kinny from nine to six goals went pretty much unnoticed. Yet here is a man who, for fifteen years or so, held a top ranking, the highest the game had until Guest went up to ten this season.

Kinny has been playing indoor polo ever since it started, for he was on the first championship team. He refuses to join in the more or less general agreement that this year's Optimists are the greatest team there ever was—"I've seen some pretty good ones, you know"—but he does think that there never was a team so uniformly well-mounted. "I've known some that had two players, perhaps, as well mounted as this one, but never any with three of a kind. I'll grant you this. There's never been a faster team as a whole. They move so fast you can't see them, half the time."

Brooklyn's Riding and Driving Club players have obtained a few good new ponies, but it looks as though they will have the fight of their lives on their hands in the Open.

ODDS AND ENDS: The David J. Randall, Jr., Association watch for the best-playing mare of the Metropolitan Indoor Circuit season has gone to Lieutenant McDonald Jones' Galloping Dominoes. . . . Dr. Richards has abandoned his helmet, after all these years, and is wearing a cap this season. . . . Bill Nichols of P.M.C. intends to continue playing polo when he leaves college. His father is building a field near Roslyn, about two miles from Talbott Field. There will be stables there also, and the idea is to create an outdoor centre for indoor players which may be used during summer months. . . . The affection players feel toward their hats persists. Guest still wears his old blue one, the Hoppings their deep red ones. Harry Albright has a battered cap which he has to soak in water each time he tries to get it on his head —MARTINGALE

•

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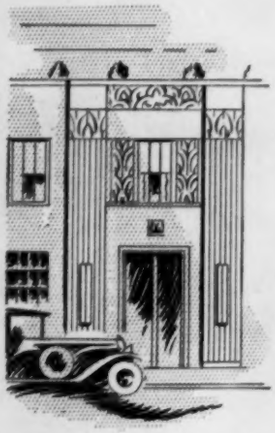

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OUT OF TOWN

Climates and Courses—A Hawaiian Fortnight—The Sportsman's Pick-Me-Up—New Liner

IF your fingers curl around the shaft of an imaginary golf club with the first breath of spring, remember that Pinehurst is at its best right now, with some of its big tournaments about to get under way. The United North and South Open, March 27 and 28, is followed immediately by the United Women's North and South Amateur, from March 31 to April 4; through the middle of April, the place is full of golf celebrities, devotees, and events.

Pinehurst is easy to get to, and it has plenty of good hotels. The Carolina Golfer leaves the Penn Station every night at 5:45, arrives at 8:20 in the morning, and is, withal, a comfortable train. The club—if you can arrange to stay there—is an excellent spot to put up at; otherwise, there are the Pine Needles Inn, Holly Inn, Carolina and Berkshire Hotels, all with golf courses or course privileges to your heart's content. The climate at Pinehurst actually is the dry, tarry, bracing thing you read about in travel folders, you invariably meet congenial and civilized people at the hotels, and there is always someone to ride, play bridge, dance, or waste time with.

If the simple gaieties of Pinehurst proper are more than your nerves can bear, Southern Pines, a few miles away, is much quieter.

THE next six weeks fill many mid-South resorts. If it isn't to be Pinehurst, you have Hot Springs and White Sulphur (where the Mason and Dixon Golf Tournament comes off April 14) to choose from; plans and reservations should, as always, be made well ahead. At Summerville, South Carolina—one of the most restful places in the experience of one who loves rest—the Pine Forest Inn is particularly charming, one of those large, airy, sleepy hostelries, with delicious food and lots of old darkies slowly going about their duties. At Camden, popular with the older and gentler winter-resorters, the Kirkwood will put you up in complete comfort, give you golf-course privileges, good food, and all the sleep you can use.

HAWAII seems a long way from New York for a two weeks' cruise, but if circumstance—or your own wishes—should take you to San Francisco around the first of April, you could also get in a fortnight of Hawaii and a nice sea voyage from April 5–21. The Malolo of the Matson Line—really a grand ship—is making this cruise, an all-inclusive one that toots you around from island to island, gives you bathing at Waikiki, a nod at a famous volcano, a native feast, *leis* around your neck, guitar music, dancing, fills you full of coconuts, pineapples, and contentment, and deposits you back where you started, all for the minimum charge of $353.50. The cost depends partly on your hotel—the Royal Hawaiian, for instance, is the most expensive; the minimum rate of the cruise if you stay there is $403.50.

Of course the Matson Line runs a regular service from San Francisco for non-cruising visitors, and the Lassco Line provides a similar one from Los Angeles. Both companies offer big, well-ventilated ships, good food, and not too exorbitant rates.

Hawaii is really divine in the spring, my army acquaintances assure me, and everyone should give himself one chance at least to taste pineapple as it should be eaten—nearly brown from the sun, and cut into lengthwise strips by the obliging knife of a native planter. It bears no resemblance to the grocery-store product we know, and is guaranteed not to pall on the appetite.

A QUICK trip to the Grand National at Aintree, Liverpool, is getting to be quite the sportsman's pick-me-up for the dreary end of March. This year the race takes place March 28, so you can go over on the Aquitania, sailing March 20, and return on the Mauretania, leaving Southampton March 29—just time enough to collect your winnings and make the boat train. The popular Caronia will

take you directly to Liverpool and back, leaving New York March 15 and Liverpool March 29. The Cunard Line offers a twelve-per-cent discount on the average fare, if you make the return trip under winter rates; and you can get the same saving in passage, for that matter, if you cross on the White Star's Cedric—New York to Liverpool and back, on the same dates as the Caronia. Or you can make the round trip on the beautifully rejuvenated Paris of the French Line, leaving New York March 21 and Plymouth April 2.

THE new Europa of the North German Lloyd is to sail March 19 and arrive here March 25. The return lap of her maiden voyage starts at midnight, March 28, and if you want to be aboard, reservations should be made at once. She is, of course, nearly identical with her sister ship, the Bremen, is designed to make the same speed, and will call at Southampton and Cherbourg.

A WORD to holders of Bayreuth Festival seats: See about your steamer reservations within the next very little while. There will be a scramble later. —FOOT-LOOSE

•

I KEEP MY SHIRT ON

I NOW have a rule never to take my shirt off in a doctor's office until I see the doctor.

"Just take a chair and strip to the waist and the doctor will be right in," the nurse says sweetly. And you sit in an ice-cold room and grow Gargantuan gooseflesh for an hour, just to save the doctor three minutes.

The chances are she forgets all about your being there and neglects to mention it to the doctor for a half-hour. "Oh, doctor, I forgot; Mr. Herold is in the corner room." Then the doctor forgets you are there and the nurse has to remind him again in another half-hour.

When he does come in, you are indigo with the chill, and he looks at you and looks at the notes the nurse has taken about your grandparents and your parents, and then he says: "I guess we won't need your shirt off."

THE only time I ever had pneumonia (you remember that time when I hung by a thread for weeks) it was the result of sitting stark naked in one of those frigid little anterooms for an hour and a half. "Just step in here and remove all your clothes and the doctor will call you shortly." Every doctor of any importance has one of these disrobing rooms in which nude examinees sit around, teeth chattering, flesh turning indigo, bronchitis galloping down upon them. Sometimes they provide gossamer bathrobes, but these are of no more service on a cold day than a veil in a blizzard.

I estimate that at least a hundred thousand persons die in this country annually as the result of sitting in cold doctors' offices with their shirts off.

Doctors would laugh if I told them this. Not that they would think it particularly funny, but just because they would regard it as unimportant. In fact, they would find some mathematical justification for rejoicing at such salutary figures. They would estimate the time saved the medical profession by such shirtless sitting by their patients, convert that into the number of lives saved by the medical profession in the time given, subtract the number of deaths—and if the net were twenty-five or twenty-six in their favor, they would say everything was fine. We are just statistics to doctors.

But henceforth no nurse gets my shirt off. I am through with this premature disrobing. I may untie my necktie just as a gesture, but I keep my undershirt, shirt, vest, and coat on until I see the doctor himself.

He can stand there and wait while I take my shirt off. I won't hurry. I'm becoming just as professional as a patient as doctors are as doctors. —DON HEROLD

•

BUT A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE

Why should we utter speech that hurts
About the length of women's skirts?
Though the couturiers decree
That one should cease to show the knee
The knee is not thereby impeached
And still may be quite simply reached.
Women are constant, though apparel
Consist of evening gown or barrel.
In spite of fashion's curious mixtures
There are in women certain fixtures.
In spite of fluctuating hips
They still have lobes of ears, and lips.
Though high and low the waistline run
An armful of it is always fun.
Though Paris or Fifth Avenue launch
New ways of draping bust and haunch
The lover has his way to know
That what is so is always so.

—RICHARD PECKHAM

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Dos Passos' America—The Cloth in War—Paris Gun—In Old Kaintuck—Humanism

PERHAPS it is not out of place at the start to recall the fact that John Dos Passos wrote the first truthful war novel. His "Three Soldiers" came along at a time when the public was still under the influence of Ian Hay, at a time when it was a little shocking to insinuate that the war had not been a Boy Scout expedition conducted in a big way.

All this is by way of a prelude to consideration of "The 42nd Parallel," and to remind you that Mr. Dos Passos is a literary pioneer who sees the present reality in terms of future feeling and opinion. In "The 42nd Parallel," he has achieved something remarkable; he has taken the naturalistic novel and rescued it both from meandering formlessness and stunt structure. "The 42nd Parallel" is cast in a new mold; it is a naturalistic novel with a formal construction all its own, and one that fits it perfectly.

I am stressing the importance of the form of Mr. Dos Passos' novel because it seems to me the most remarkable aspect of the work, just as Stravinsky's music lifts itself above the pyrotechnics of his contemporary modernists by reason of this same inward solidity. For another thing, in this day when anyone with a typewriter, a wide range of profanity, and a glossary of Viennese psychological terms, can write a book that passes for trail-making literature, it is cheering to find a writer with a feeling for structural beauty.

Here, then, without regard for the superficial aspects of the plot, are some program notes to "The 42nd Parallel:" The book has four major themes, represented by four characters whose stories are finally brought together. Then it has a fifth subsidiary theme, introduced last of all, but still in idea curiously interdependent with the other stories. In the transitions between the themes are two recurring episodes, "The News Reel" and "The Camera Eye." "The News Reel" is a condensation of popular songs, newspaper headlines, orations, and snatches of biography. Its purpose is to give a swift picture of time and background without retarding the action. In other words, it is like that technical device of the silent movies known as the time-lapse title. "The Camera Eye" is more obscure in intent. I am told that it is brief sequences of Mr. Dos Passos' own career. At any rate, with its apparently irrelevant episodes, it foreshadows and reëchoes incidents of the four major stories.

Now for the actual meat of the book: The strongest story is that of Mac, hobo and revolutionist, but the most subtle and, in many ways, the most artfully written is the career of Eleanor, who is more complex than any of Theodore Dreiser's feminine characters. J. Ward Moorehouse, the Public Relations Counsel, is more deeply human and as keenly satirized as any of Mr. Sinclair Lewis' boosters. Janey, the expert secretary, and Charley Anderson, are more nearly merged with life and not such sharply isolated types, but both of them have the stuff to make any ordinary novel.

After all this praise, I need only add that "The 42nd Parallel" is written in a hot, rushing style and with brilliant honesty. Some of Mr. Dos Passos' idiosyncrasies of spelling and punctuation are enough to drive a proof-reader crazy, but I cannot see why it shouldn't logically be "chorusgirl" or "music-lesson" or "Sundayschool," since the accent falls that way in speech. However, I am so biased in favor of Mr. Dos Passos that I would read everything he writes even if he chose to print every other word upside down.

TWO books of the week begin, by a coincidence, with almost the same moment in history. The opening chapter of "Retreat" takes place on the night before the German offensive of the spring of 1918. "The Paris Gun" starts with the events in Paris of the early morning of March 23, 1918, when the Germans began their great show by shelling Paris from a gun concealed in a forest seventy-five miles away.

Personally, I found "Retreat" rather slow going, in spite of its many merits. It deals with the zero hour of British morale and is a dreadful picture of overwrought nerves and blank hopelessness. The story of that dark spring is seen

through the eyes of a clergyman, who was unnecessarily astonished to find that men who had been double-crossed by politicians at home, hoodwinked by their allies, and butchered by a numerically superior enemy, were not inclined to have much faith in a God. Mr. C. R. Benstead's sombre battle scenes are terrifying and his soldiers are the grimmest I have encountered in a war book; but that clergyman annoyed me almost as much as he irritated the lorry-drivers whose souls he tried to save.

"THE PARIS GUN" is another story—a regular Jules Verne tale. It is a romance of that fantastic and murderous invention which dropped shells on Paris from the forest of St. Gobain. Henry W. Miller, a colonel in the American army, made a study of all the available records of the almost mythical gun. From the known facts and from his own knowledge of artillery, he has constructed the history of the romantic destroyer. Of course, how Colonel Miller knows all the details of the firing of that first shot and the exact behavior of Gun No. 1 on its début is beyond me. I only know that it makes fascinating reading.

The book has plenty of maps and pictures to illustrate the exactitude of its text. Publishers of books of this sort are often too proud or too careless to supply charts for those who, like myself, want to see the cross marking the spot where the body fell.

FOR those who are afeared of guns and wars and who may shy a bit at the bluntness of Mr. Dos Passos, the most satisfactory of the new books will be "The Great Meadow," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. It is a story of the migration of the pioneer backwoods stock of Virginia to the promised land of Kaintuck; a tale of the South's own emigration that followed on the explorations of Dan'l Boone.

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tail, she presents a charming picture of southern frontier life, which was, beneath its melodrama, gracious, gentle, and idealistic. Her story is centred on the romance of Diony Hall, who goes as a bride to the land where woodcocks have beaks of ivory and where prehistoric monsters still walk the earth. It is a woman's story and it concerns itself with the lives of the wives and daughters who, as Will Rogers once reminded us, were busy doing the work of the frontier communities while the men were going down in history. Miss Roberts' knowledge of the small domestic arts of these southern women will delight the antiquarians and will arouse in women an old homesick longing for the spinning wheel. To the whirr of the wheel, Miss Roberts makes these backwoods girls speak in enchanting, poetic prose. The scene, for instance, in which Diony's lover sends for her to join him on his march to Kaintuck is so romantic a moment that it will make you shed a tear for the death of sentiment. —A. W. S.

A COLLECTION of essays by disciples, neo-disciples, and remote sympathizers of the criticism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More is entitled "Humanism and America." It is the first organized reply from the Extreme Right to "Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans" (1922). Perhaps with this in mind, Messrs. Farrar and Rinehart, the publishers, describe the new symposium as "the challenge of culture to the anarchy of our times." There are fifteen contributors. The essays cover such subjects as modern art, fiction, poetry, education, drama, and the relation of all these to religion and Humanism.

What is Humanism? We have been asked this question by not fewer than twenty-nine serious minds in four days. Humanism is, apparently, the antidote to Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Modern Temper," to Victor Hugo, to the Symbolists, to Shelley, to Thomas Huxley, and Aldous of the same family connection, and, most of all, to the original anti-Christ, Jean-Jacques Rousseau of Geneva.

Humanism, whatever it is, is an attack on Romanticism and Naturalism, whatever they are. It is a doctrine of restraint taking orders from the Higher Will who is chiefly interested in Decorum and in the "normally or typically human." Humanism believes, in short, in standards, and presumably no one else believes in them. Says the editor of the book, Professor Norman Foerster: the Humanists "are here assembled for the sole end of offering suggestions toward that new integration of values which may yet justify modernity."

Humanism, though it was repudiated by the war generation, began about thirty years ago in the early writings of More and Babbitt. Babbitt is the leader; he tells us that Francis Bacon started us off in our aimless pursuit of material goods; Rousseau, in our equally aimless cultivation of temperament. The moderns can only jump from the kettle of irresponsible materialism into the pot of stewing sensation. Thus, John Dewey's "instrumentalism" comes down from Bacon; the ancestry of Joyce's Mollie Bloom goes back to Rousseau. This book is highly controversial; it will be the rallying-point of some of the fiercest critical battles of recent years. The reader is urged to find in it the best academic criticism of our time. Not academic and not very humanistic in the Babbitt sense, the essay by Mr. T. S. Eliot is remarkable for its lucidity and brilliance of definition. Professors Babbitt, Shafer, and Gass are wor[illegible] study. —A. [illegible]

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SACKCLOTH AND ASHES

My words were spiteful, brittle chips
  That fell in growing mounds.
His own were sparks of fire that ate
  Their meanings and their sounds.

He was so homely, and his hands
  Were freckled, veined, and long,
And no one else would find in him
  The motif of a song—

Much less would spread their spirit's head
  With ashes of such dust;
Or draw apart from other loves,
  In sackcloth, but I must!

The many things I ought to do
  Can wait, for they will keep.
Perhaps while I am standing here,
  He'll pass and see me weep.

—SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

•

Dr. Coolidge concluded that the family is divided into two subspecies. One which lives in the forests of the American west coast he calls the Gorilla gorilla gorilla.—*The Herald Tribune.*

He probably gets a pretty good word rate.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE 42ND PARALLEL, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

THE GREAT MEADOW, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking Press*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

RETREAT, by C. R. Benstead (*Century*). The dark spring of 1918, told from the point of view of the British soldier.

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA, by Elmer Rice (*Cosmopolitan*). Incredible adventures on a planet strangely like our own.

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

JUDGE AND FOOL, by Altalena (Vladimir Jabotinsky) (*Liveright*). The story of Samson and Delilah made into an unusually fine novel.

A HUNGRY YOUNG LADY, by Marian Spitzer (*Liveright*). Smart dig at stage-struck ladies.

AUSTRALIA FELIX, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

BITTER WATERS, by Heinrich Hauser (*Liveright*). The love story of a German sailor and a Mexican girl told in vivid, powerful prose.

PAY DAY, by Nathan Asch (*Payson & Clarke*). Sordid doings of a New York clerk on his night out. Effectively written.

BACKWATER, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which the conventional southern theme is treated with charm and humor.

PURE GOLD, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

FREE, by Blair Niles (*Harcourt, Brace*). Another melodrama of life in Guiana.

EX-MISTRESS, Anonymous (*Brentano*). Just what you'd think.

THE GOOD SOLDIER: SCHWEIK, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

IRON MAN, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

MOTHERS CRY, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

CORONET, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of Aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

Mysteries

ANYBODY'S PEARLS, by Hulbert Footner (*Crime Club*). . . . MENACE TO MRS. KERSHAW, by Austen Allen (*Harper*). . . . THE AMAZING WEB, by Harry Stephen Keeler (*Dutton*). . . . THE MYSTERY OF A BUTCHER'S SHOP, by Gladys Mitchell (*Dial Press*). . . . THE MYSTERY MAKER, by Austin J. Small (*Crime Club*). . . . BETRAYAL, by A. E. and H. C. Walter (*Dutton*). . . . THE DEATH MASK, by Arthur Applin (*Duffield*). . . . MURDER OFF BROADWAY, by Leonard Falkner (*Holt*). . . . IT WALKS BY NIGHT, by John Dickson Carr (*Harper*).

General

THE PARIS GUN, by Henry W. Miller (*Cape & Smith*). The complete story of that almost mythical gun with the seventy-five-mile range. Good reading.

HUMANISM AND AMERICA, edited by Norman Foerster (*Farrar & Rinehart*). All about a cultural challenge.

CANFIELD, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

BALZAC: THE MAN AND THE LOVER, by Francis Gribble (*Dutton*). Mostly concerned with his love affairs.

THE DEVIL, by Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon (*Dutton*). The true story of Satan, tracing his career from a serpent to a neurosis.

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE, translated by Alexander Werth (*Payson & Clarke*). The plaintive journal of the wife of a genius. This volume contains the records from 1891 to 1897.

ESCAPE, by Francesco Nitti (*Putnam*). A victim of the Fascisti writes of his life as a political prisoner. Exciting, but don't let the Duce catch you reading it.

TEN THOUSAND SHALL FALL, by David King (*Duffield*). Heroic tale of a soldier of the Legion. Be sure to read the story of the siege of Verdun.

TIGER! TIGER!, by Honoré Willsie Morrow (*Morrow*). Entertaining biography of John B. Gough, one of the few prohibitionists who ever had delirium tremens.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1777-1781 (Vol. III), by Rupert Hughes (*Morrow*). More of Mr. Hughes' sprightly biography, and some of the best descriptions of Revolutionary battles you have ever read.

LINCOLN, by Emil Ludwig (*Little, Brown*). In which Mr. Ludwig says all there is to say. Naturally you'll read it.

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

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The bride was attired in navy blue georgette and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of roses and baby.—*Mount Vernon (Ia.) Telegraph.*

Very forthright indeed.

•

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